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Planquette, Robert
[Les cloches de Corneville.
Selections; arr.]
Les cloches de Corneville

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LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE,

(THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE)

OPERA COMIQUE

en 3 Actes,

MUSIQUE DE

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

ENGLISH VERSION BY

H. B. FARNIE & R. REECE.

ABRIDGED VOCAL SCORE.

ENT. STA. HALL.

ABRIDGED 4/=
COMPLETE 10/=

London.
JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W. & 123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

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LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

(THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.)

ABRIDGED VOCAL SCORE.

Nº 2.

I MAY BE PRINCESS.

RONDEAU.

SERPOLETTE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

S

I may be Princess, least ways Ma - dam, That from my style at once is

f *p*

S

seen; My fa - ther I don't know from A - - dam, But Prince or

S

Duke he must have been! Old Gaspard go - ing out one morn, Dis - cov - er'd me a -

mong his wheat, A little ba-by all forlorn, Both wanting care and wanting meat; And first he'd take me,

then he'd not, That miser's struggle was right sore, But little viands in his cot, And I would fur-nish

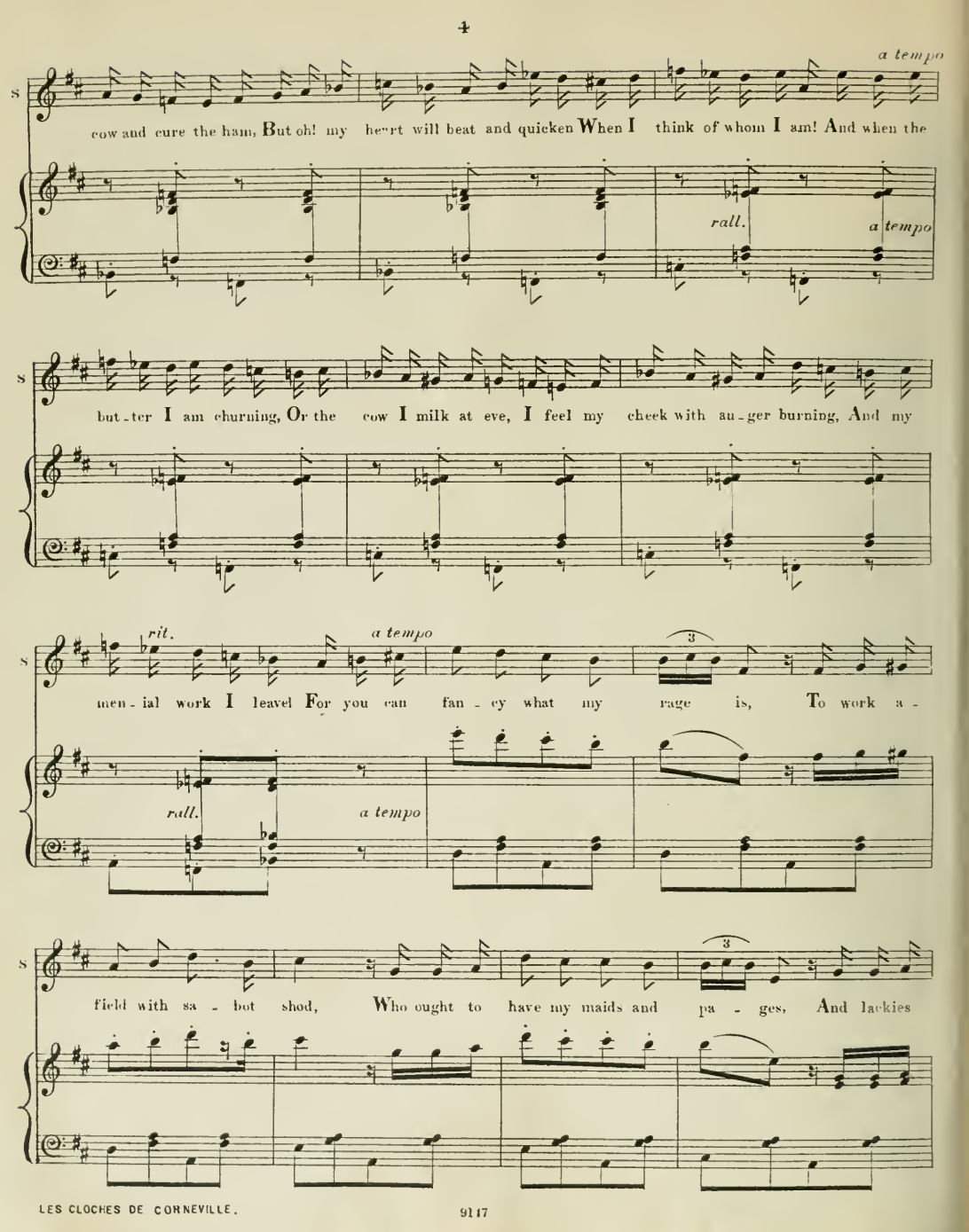
rit *a tempo*

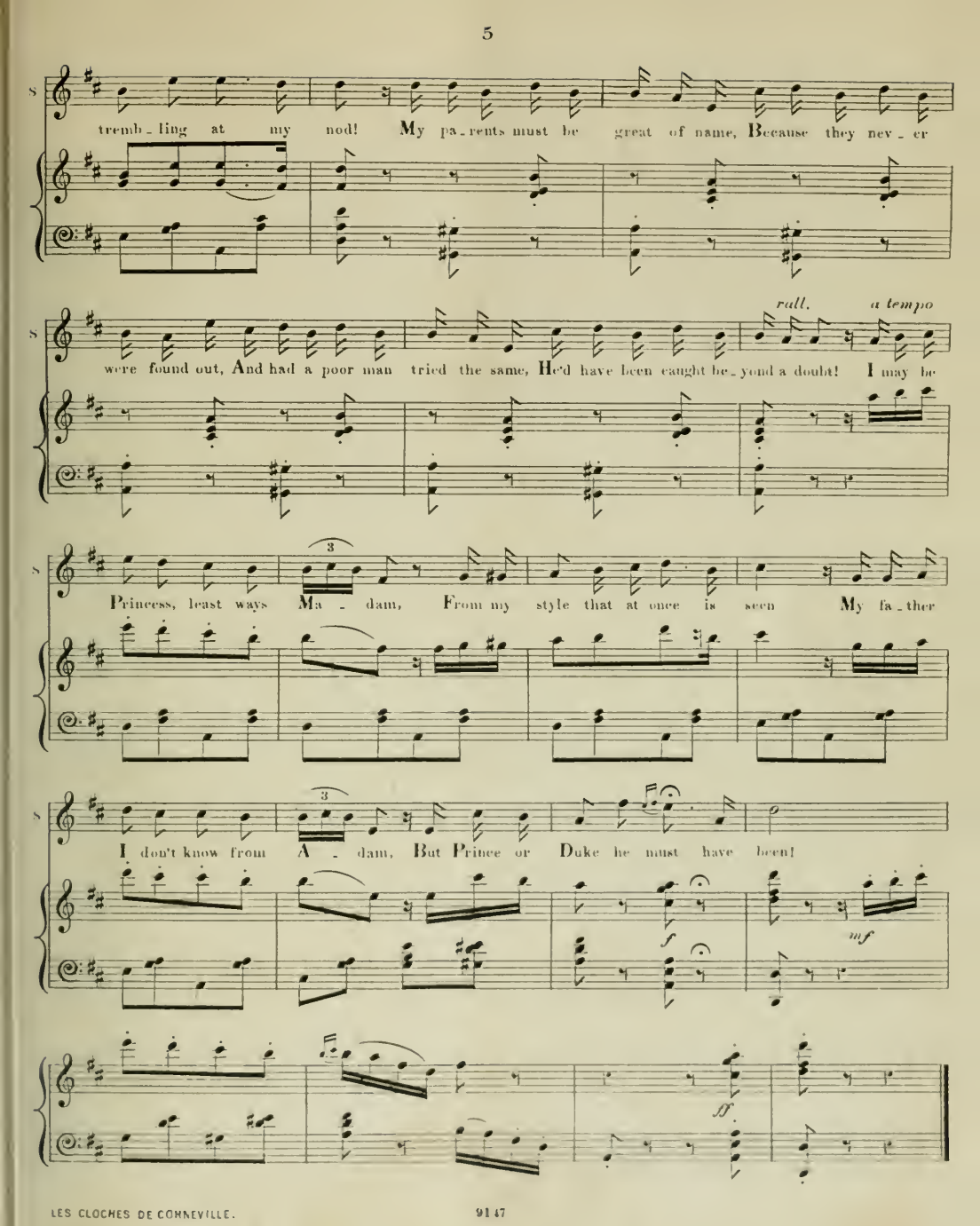
one mouth more! And fain he was to learn my hist'-ry, But ba-by

rall *a tempo*

language is not clear, And so I'm still in-volv'd in myst'-ry, And who I

am don't quite ap-pear! And thus I've got to tend the chickens, Bed the


a tempo
S
cow and cure the ham, But oh! my heart will beat and quicken When I think of whom I am! And when the
rall.
a tempo
S
but-ter I am churning, Or the cow I milk at eve, I feel my cheek with au-ger burning, And my
rit.
a tempo
3
S
men-ial work I leavel For you can fan-cy what my rage is, To work a-
rall.
a tempo
3
S
field with sa-bot shod, Who ought to have my maids and pa-ges, And lackies


S
tremb_ling at my nod! My pa_rents must be great of name, Because they nev_er
rall.
a tempo
were found out, And had a poor man tried the same, He'd have been caught be_yond a doubt! I may be
Princess, least ways Ma_dam, From my style that at once is seen My fa_ther
I don't know from A_dam, But Prince or Duke he must have been!
f
mf
ff

Nº 3

ON BILLOW ROCKING.

BARCAROLLE.

GRENICHEUX.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

mf

p

mf

p

G

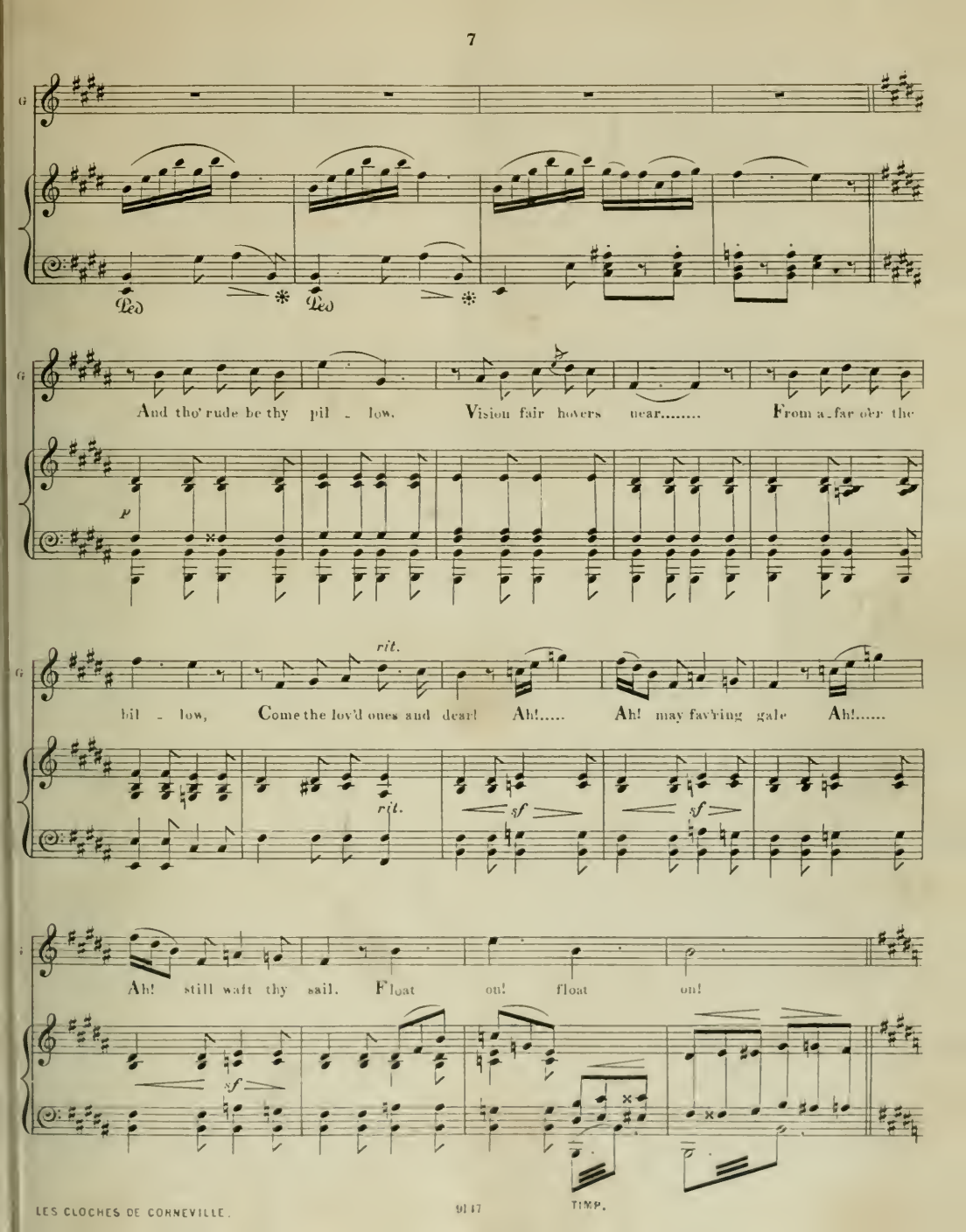
On billow rock - ing, At tempest mock - ing, Gal - lant sailor boy, O - cean's thy home!

pp

G

Calmly thou'rt sleep - ing, Tho' gale be sweep - ing All the blue desert of waters to foam!

colla voce.


Ped
Ped
And tho' rude be thy pil - low. Vision fair hovers near..... From a-far o'er the
p
bil - low, Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah!..... Ah! may fav'ring gale Ah!.....
rit.
rit.
sf
sf
Ah! still waft thy sail. Float on! float on!
sf
TIMP.

On bil - low rock - ing, At tem - pest mock - ing, Gal - lant sai - lor boy

pp

O - ceau's thy home!..... Calm - ly thou'rt slep - ing, Tho' gale be swep - ing,

All the blue de - sert of wa - ters to foam!

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

Nº 4.

'TWAS BUT AN IMPULSE.

DUO.

GERMAINE & GRENICHEUX.

Moderato.

GERMAINE.

PIANO.

'Twas but an impulse, that I own, (And wrong perhaps the troth then spo - ken,) Yet still that vow, I'll ev - er keep un - bro - ken; To be his bride who say'd me his a - lone! The binding word pronounced that day, With e - qual fervour now I say.

p *pp* *rall.* *rall.*

Allegretto.

Ge I vow to keep the faith then spo - - ken, Although my

G She vows to keep the faith then spo - - ken, Although her

Ge heart was silent then I own! And nev - er shall that vow be bro - -

G heart was silent then she'll own! And nev - er shall that vow be bro - -

rall.

Ge ken, No! nev - er shall that vow be bro - - ken, His, who sav'd me I

G ken, No! nev - er shall that vow be bro - - ken, Mine who saved her, she'll

rall.

a tempo *rit.*

am a - lone! No, nev - er shall that vow be bro - ken, His who say'd me I am a

be a - lone! No, nev - er shall that vow be bro - ken, Mine who say'd her, she'll be a

lone!

lone! I had ra - ther one lov - ing sigh, Than this

f *p*

Nay then! what more can

lan - guage with du - ty la - den, Say dost thou love?

I? Wou'd'st have more than troth from a mai - den? O

Moderato.

press me not so nor speak thus un - kindly, Re - member the promise I gave thee that day! I

p

know that I gave it rashly and blind - ly, But I will keep it come what may.

GRENICHEUX.

How now? "Come what may!" these are words a - - bove me, That's not

quite the style I had hoped from you! Calm - ly I could wait

rit.

hope - fully could woo Had you on - ly murmur'd "My own, I love..... thee!"

GERMAINE.

Would that such a vow I might murmur low, But love is a secret my heart doth not

know! Would that such a vow I might murmur low, But love is a

Would that such a vow she might murmur low, But love is a

rall.

secret that my heart, that my heart doth not know! What

secret that her heart, that her heart doth not know!

OBOE.

mf

GERMAINE.

love sig - ni - fies is not in my knowledge, Be - cause they ne'er taught it in convent or

p

GRENICHEUX.

school! It may'nt be a branch in school or in col - lege Yet girls do pick it up quick as a

GERMAINE. GRENICHEUX.

rule! Ah! but..... then I am..... ve - ry far from clev - er! Still you

met with other maidens of your age, Sure they talk'd of love,

that I will en - gage! Love, and love a - lone, girls at school talk ev - - er!

GERMAINE.

Would I might agree..... but it is not so! Not one of my comrades of love did

Ge: know! Would I might agree..... but it is not so! Not one of my

G: Would she might agree..... but it is not so! Not one of her

rall. *Allegro.*

Ge: comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I will

G: comrades of this love, of this love did know! Yes! I

f *sf* *p*

Ge: strive to keep my troth, And I will try more love to show him, Yes I will

G: think she will keep her troth, On - ly would she still more love show me, Yes I

Ge try to keep my troth, And al - so try more love to show him, But all the

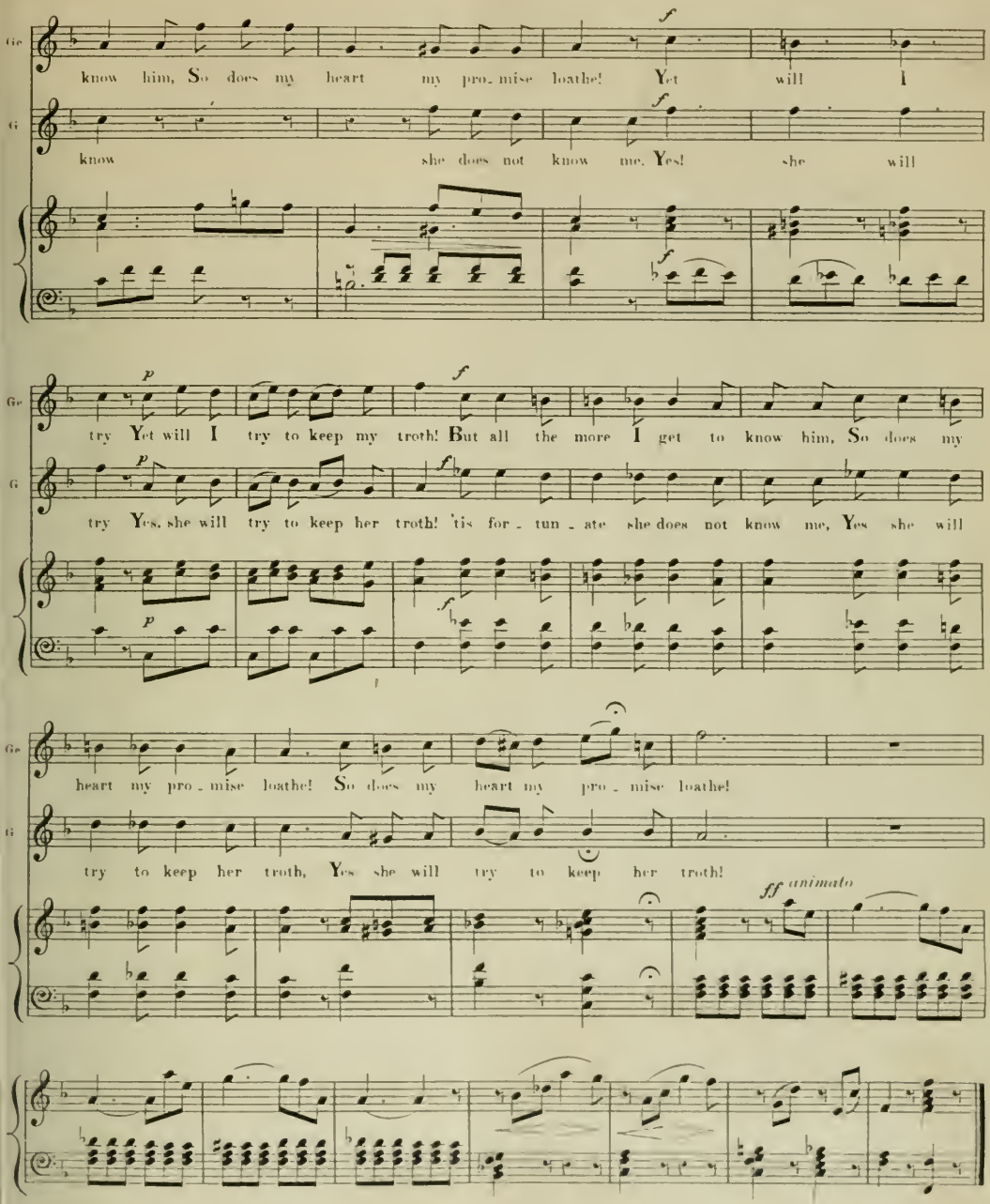
G think she will keep her troth, On - ly would she still more love show me,

Ge more I get to know him, So does my heart my pro - mise loathe! Yet will I

G (She does not know me) She does not know me! Yes! she will

Ge try, yet will I try to keep my troth! But all the more I get to

G try, yes she will try to keep her troth! (She does not


Ge
know him, So does my heart my pro_mise loathe! Yet will I
G
know she does not know me. Yes! she will
Ge
try Yet will I try to keep my troth! But all the more I get to know him, So does my
G
try Yes, she will try to keep her troth! 'tis for_tun_ate she does not know me, Yes she will
Ge
heart my pro_mise loathe! So does my heart my pro_mise loathe!
G
try to keep her troth, Yes she will try to keep her troth!
ff animato

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

Nº 5.

GERMAINE & CHORUS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

ff *p*

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

Ge

Yes! that cas_tle old by wiz_ard is enchant_ed,

f *p*

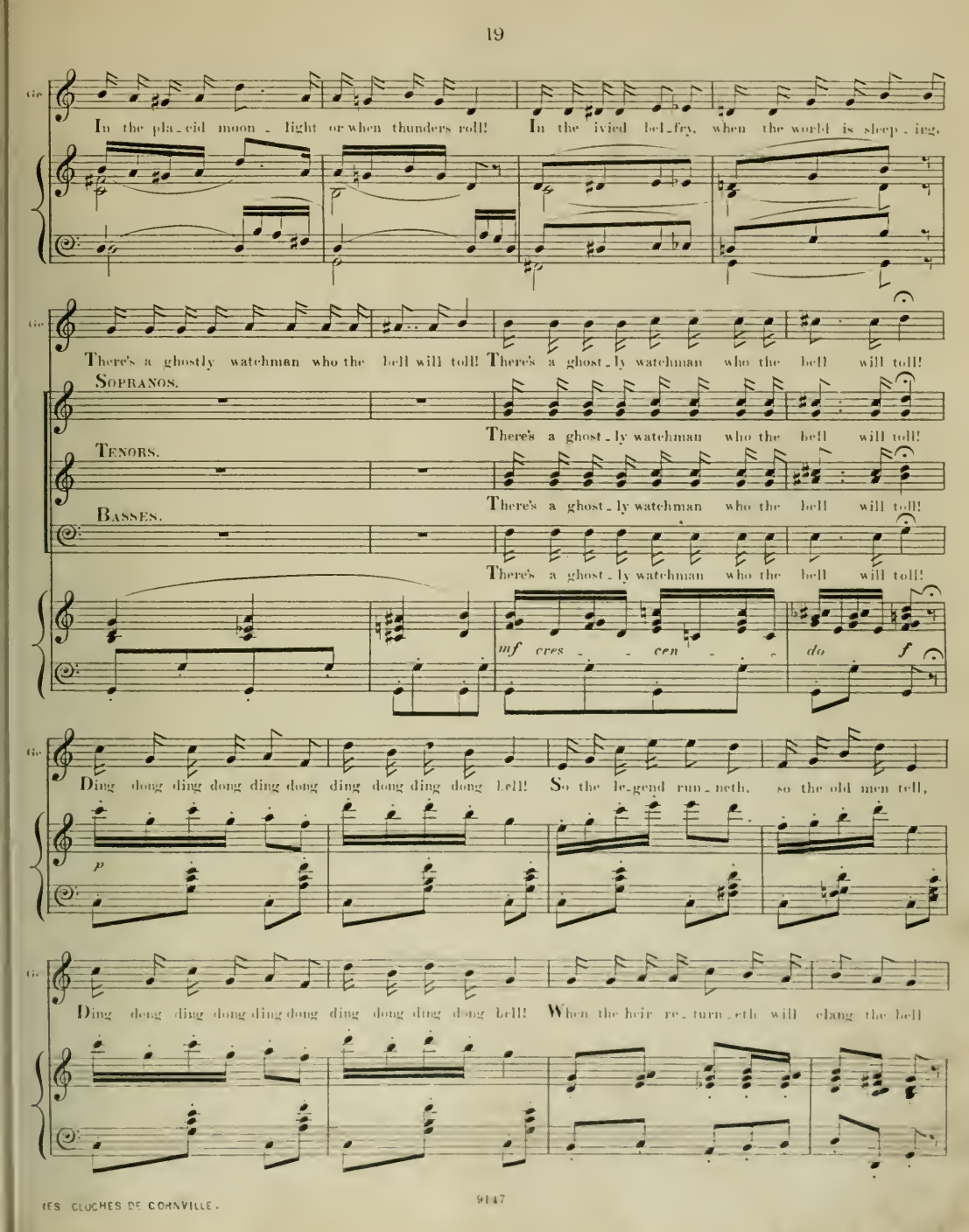
Ge

For tho' Knight and Ba_ron slumber on their bier, By their ghosts in mail the corridors are haunted

Ge

rit.

And by night we've seen their aw_ful shades appear! For their last descendants coming, watch they're keep_ing.


In the pla-cid moon-light or when thunders roll! In the ivied bel-fry, when the world is sleep-ing,
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll! There's a ghost-ly watchman who the bell will toll!
Sopranos.
There's a ghost-ly watchman who the bell will toll!
Tenors.
There's a ghost-ly watchman who the bell will toll!
Basses.
There's a ghost-ly watchman who the bell will toll!
mf cres - - cen - - do f
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell! So the le-gend run-neth, so the old men tell,
p
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell! When the heir re-turn-eth will clang the bell

S Ding dong ding ding dongding ding dongding Ding dong ding dong ding dong

S Ding dong ding dongding dong ding dongding dongding dong ding dong ding dongding dong Ding dong ding dongding dong

T Ding dong ding dong dung dong Ding dong ding dongding dong

T Ding dong ding dongding dong ding dongding dongding dong ding dong ding dongding dong Ding dong ding dongding dong

B Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom

B Bom bom bom bom

8

S ding dong ding ding dong ding ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

S ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong din

T ding dong ding dong ding dongding dong ding dong ding dong

T ding dongding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

B bom bom bom bom ding dong ding dong ding dong diing dong ding

B bom bom bom ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

8 *dim.*

Ge

ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend runneth, so the old men tell,

p

Ge

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the long lost heir re-turn-eth will clang the bell!

rit.

rit.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend runneth so the old men tell,

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend runneth so the old men tell,

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend runneth so the old men tell,

f

rall.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the long lost heir re_turneth, will clang the bell!

rall.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the long lost heir re_turneth, will clang the bell!

rall.

Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the long lost heir re_turneth, will clang the bell!

rall.

a tempo.

ff *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ge

Round a_bout that bel _ fry, rook and lark are winging

f *p*

con fuoco

Ge

Fear_less are the birds, for mute the i_ron tongue, Never more we hear its solemn voice out ringing,

rit.

Warning for the old or wel_come for the young! Lonely is the tow'r and oh! we maidens fear it,

rit.

Lest some spirit hand should rock the bell a_gain! For they do say we, now living, yet shall hear it,

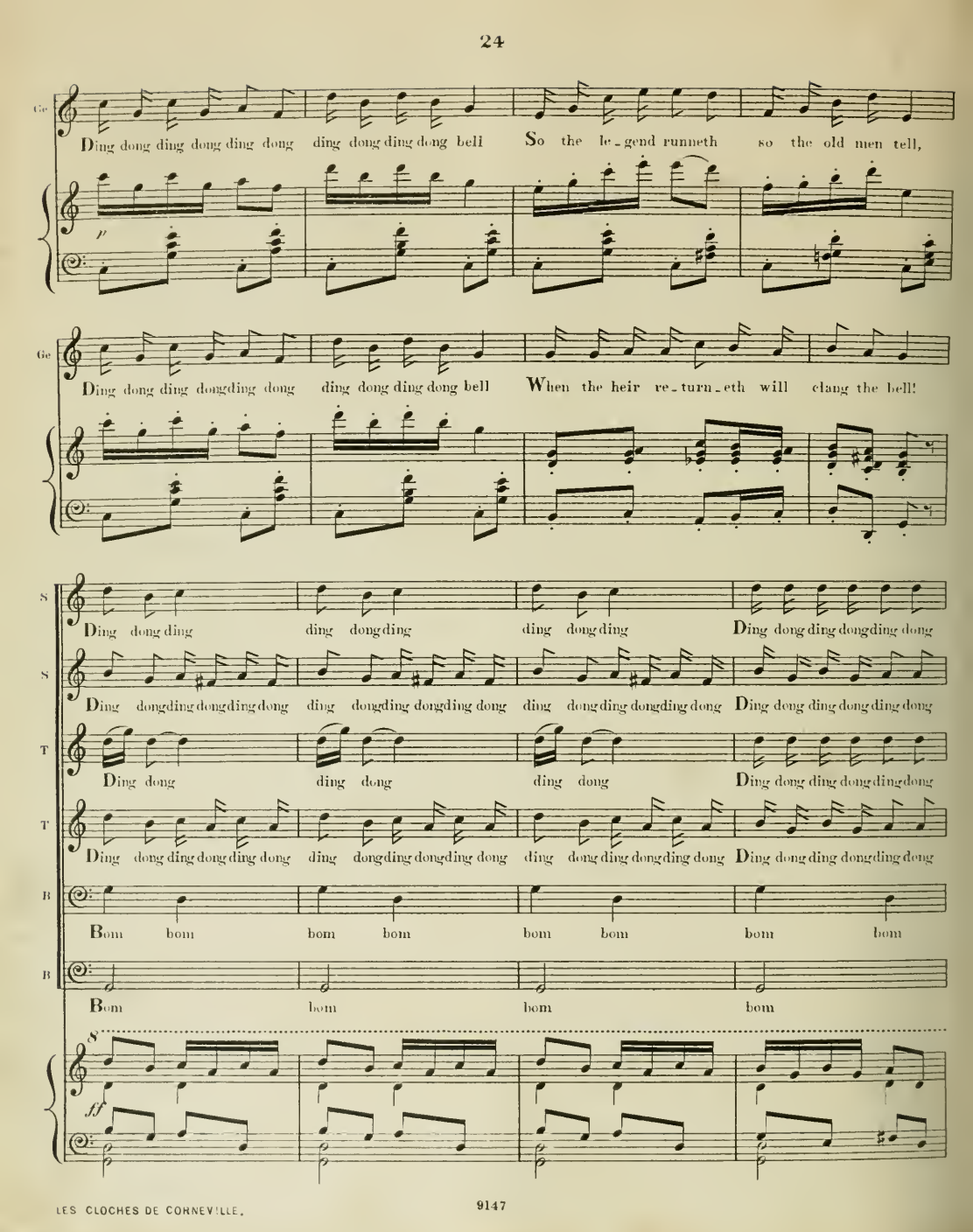
Ringing out a message to the start_led plain! Ringing out a message to the start - led plain!

Ringing out a message to the start - led plain!

Ringing out a message to the start - led plain!

Ringing out a message to the start - led plain!

mf *cres* *cen* - *do* - *f*


Ge
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le-gend runneth so the old men tell,
p
Ge
Ding dong ding dongding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the heir re-turn-eth will clang the bell!
S
Ding dong ding ding dongding ding dong ding Ding dong ding dongding dong
S
Ding dongding dongding dong ding dongding dongding dong ding dong ding dongding dong Ding dong ding dong ding dong
T
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong
T
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dongding dongding dong ding dong ding dongding dong Ding dong ding dongding dong
B
Bom bom bom bom bom bom bom bom
B
Bom bom bom bom
8
ff

S: ding dong ding ding dong ding ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

S: ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

T: ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong

T: ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

B: bom bom bom bom ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

B: bom bom ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

S

dim.

Ge: Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le - gend runneth, so the old men tell,

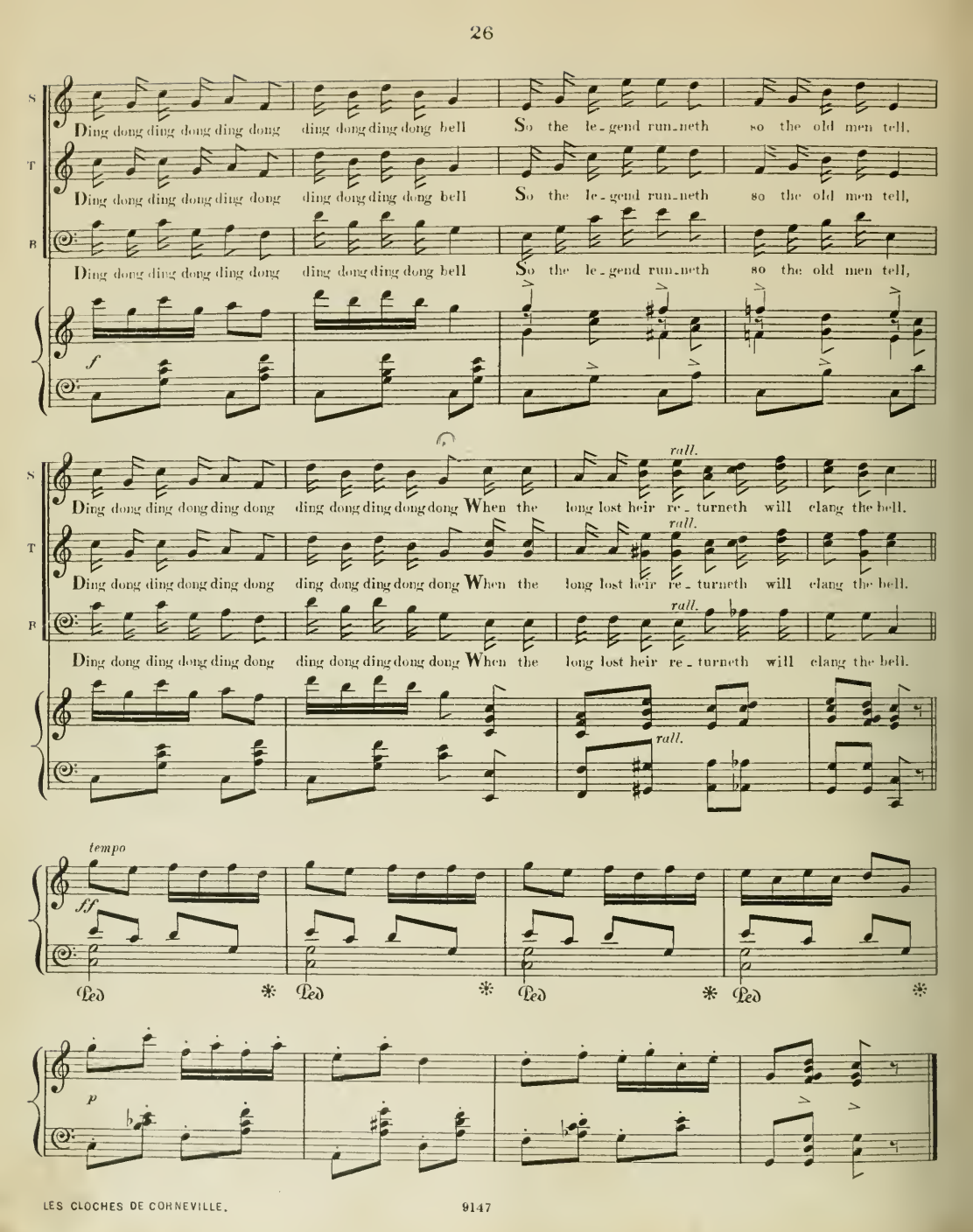
p

variante

rit.

Ge: Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell When the long lost heir re - turneth, will clang the bell!

rit.


S
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le - gend run - neth so the old men tell,
T
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le - gend run - neth so the old men tell,
B
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong bell So the le - gend run - neth so the old men tell,
f
rall.
S
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong dong When the long lost heir re - turneth will clang the bell.
T
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong dong When the long lost heir re - turneth will clang the bell.
B
Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding dong dong When the long lost heir re - turneth will clang the bell.
tempo
ff
Ped
p

Nº 6.

WITH JOY MY HEART.

VALSE-RONDO.

HENRI.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

H

With joy my heart has of - ten bound - ed When one plank part - ed death and me. By

dim. *p*

threat'- ning sky and wave sur - rounded, Oh! yet I love th'in - constant sea! With

rall. *rit.*

joy my heart has of - ten bounded When one plank part - ed death and me! By

threat'ning sky and wave sur - round - ed.

p

Tempo di Valse

H

To me no stran - ger Hardship or dan - ger, Batt'- ling the gale that sweeps o'er the

p

H

main, But pe - ril o - ver, Who like the ro - ver, Finds life so sweet

H

af - ter the pain? Sweet lips have bless'd me, Soft hands ca - ress'd me,

H

In ev' - ry clime where fate made me roam; And wo - mans greet - ing

H

(Bliss all too fleet - ing) Made of the far - land almost a home!

And gen - tle maid - en, Beau - ty ar - ray'd in, More than once told her

love in a sigh! Heart wild - ly beat - ing, Mute glance en - treat - ing,

All have been mine, Yet put cold - ly by! Yes! I am lone - ly,

One wo - man on - ly, Thro' all my be - ing reigns in my heart! Tho' now for

ev - er, Fate may us sev - er, Lovely un - known! my soul's queen thou art!

H

Ah yes for ev - er - - - - - Love-ly an -

ff *ff*

H

known! my queen thou art! Ah!.....

a tempo.

H

O fair - est maid - en, One mo - ment laid in These emp - ty

pp

H

arms now long-ing for thee, Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now,

H

From yon dark rock that hangs o'er the sea? Dost thou re - mem - ber,

H

('Twas in Sep - tem - ber) Here is the rock and there is the wave..... O come a -

H

ad lib.

gain, love, So-lace my pain, love, Tell me not vain is the hope you gave!

zff *ff*

H

THO' THEY MAY NOT PURSUE ME.

Nº 8. COUPLETS.

GRENICHEUX.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

GRENICHEUX.

Tho' they may not pur - sue me, This quarrel will un - do me, The Bail - ie and Gas - pard My en - e - mies now are..... A - way with such mis - giv - ing, I've got to get a liv - ing, I must give up the sea, So I'll a coachman be! No more Germaine and court - ing, In love's sunshine dis - port - ing! To

ad lib.

rall.

a tempo.

be hard working pea - sant, A bit - - ter cup! But ev - en that's more plea - sant, Than

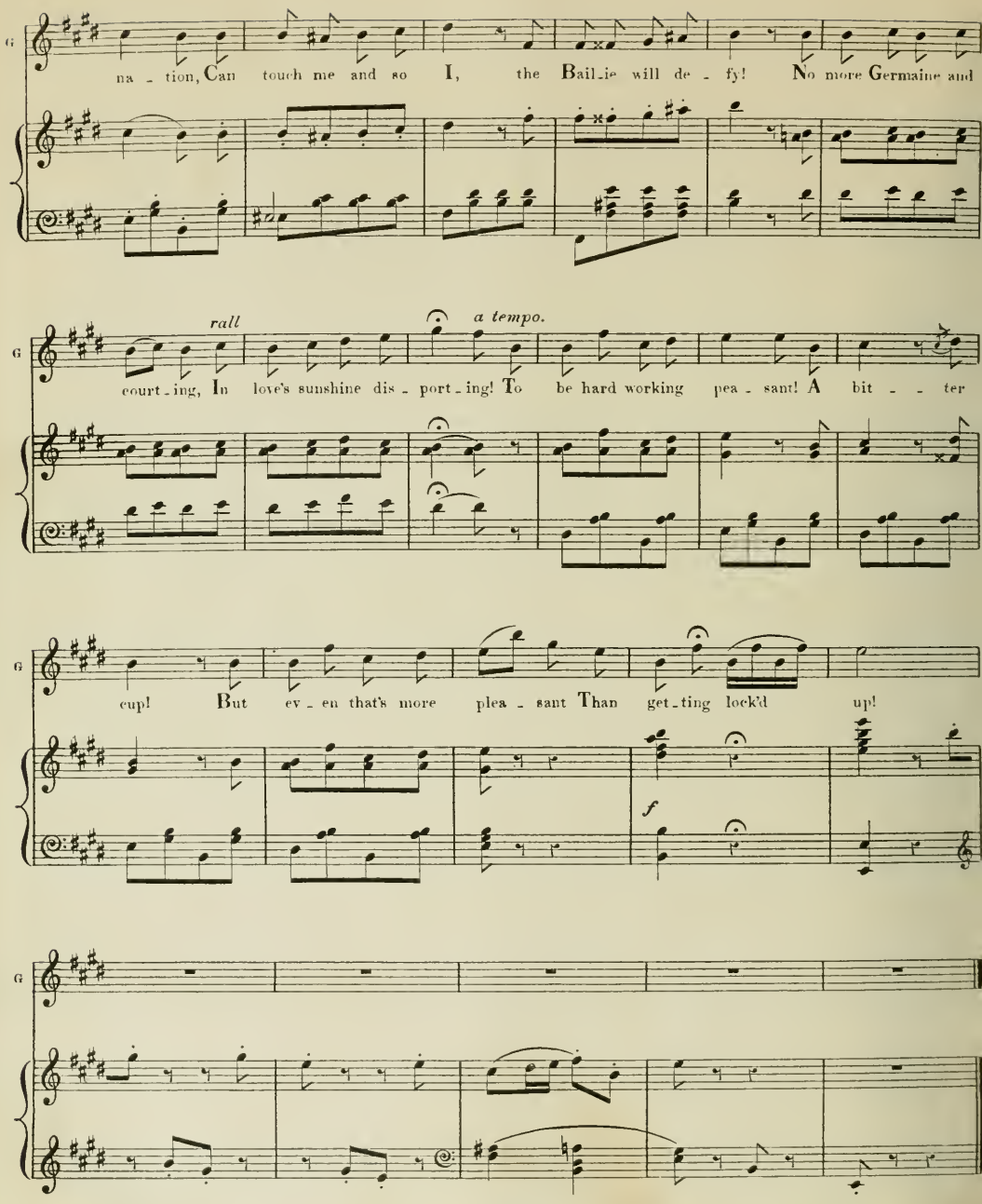
get - ting lock'd up!

f

I'll go and seek a mas - ter, The bet - ter if the fas - ter, The hir - ing fair they

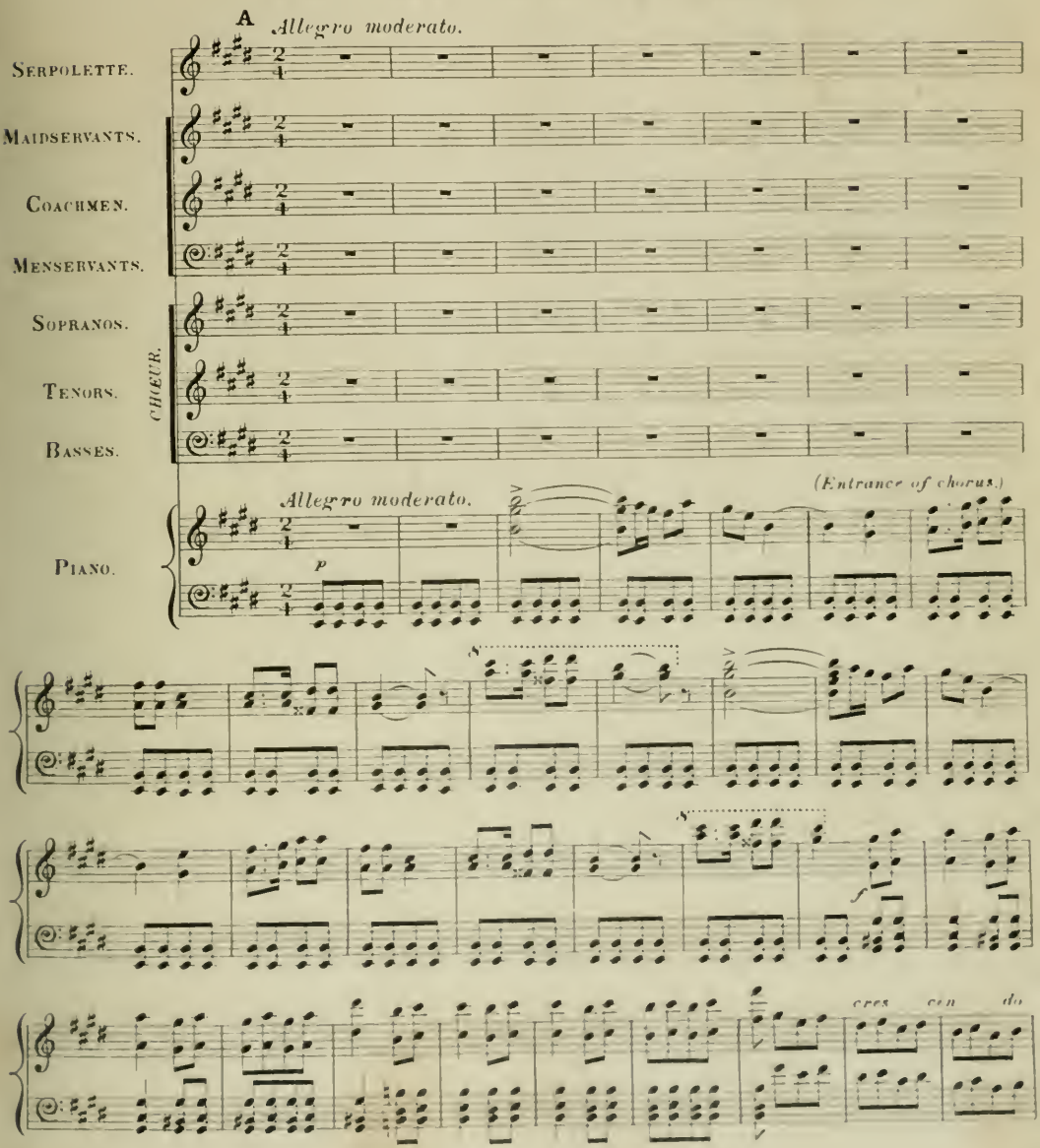
ad lib.

say, Is held this ve - ry day!..... Once in a sit - u - a - tion, No war - rant in the


na - tion, Can touch me and so I, the Bail-ie will de - fy! No more Germaine and
rall
a tempo.
court-ing, In love's sunshine dis - port-ing! To be hard working pea - sant! A bit - - ter
cup! But ev - en that's more plea - sant Than get-ting lock'd up!
f

FINALE.

(A) CHORUS. (B) CHORUS OF MEN SERVANTS. (C) CHORUS OF COACHMEN. (D) CHORUS OF MAID SERVANTS & ENSEMBLE.



Come! far_mer small or with big ren - tal, If first class

Come! far_mer small or with big ren - tal, If first class

Come! far_mer small..... or with big ren - tal,

f

ser_vants you would find! If first class servants you would find..... We're useful, ay! and or_na_

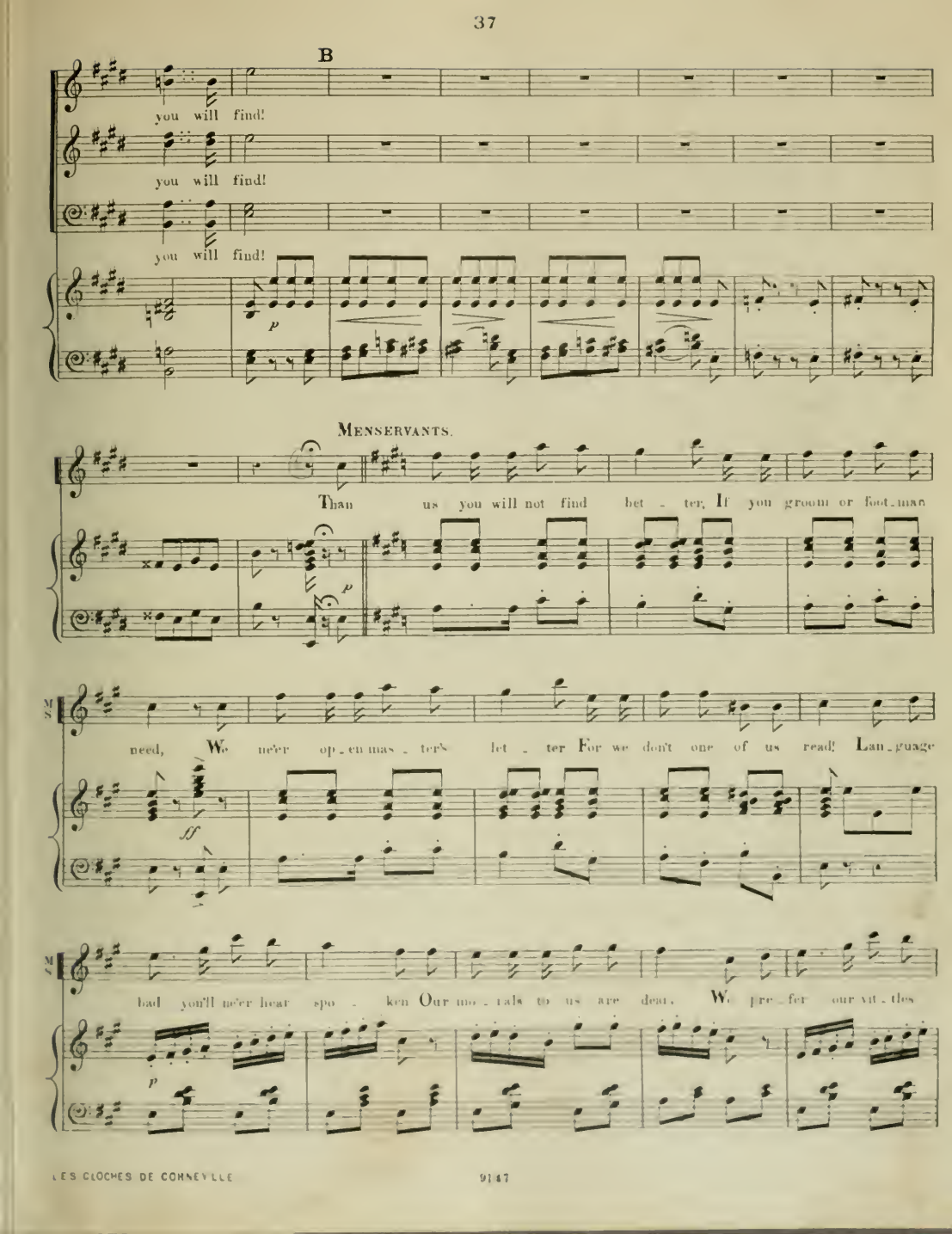
ser_vants you would find! If first class servants you would find..... We're useful, ay! and or_na_

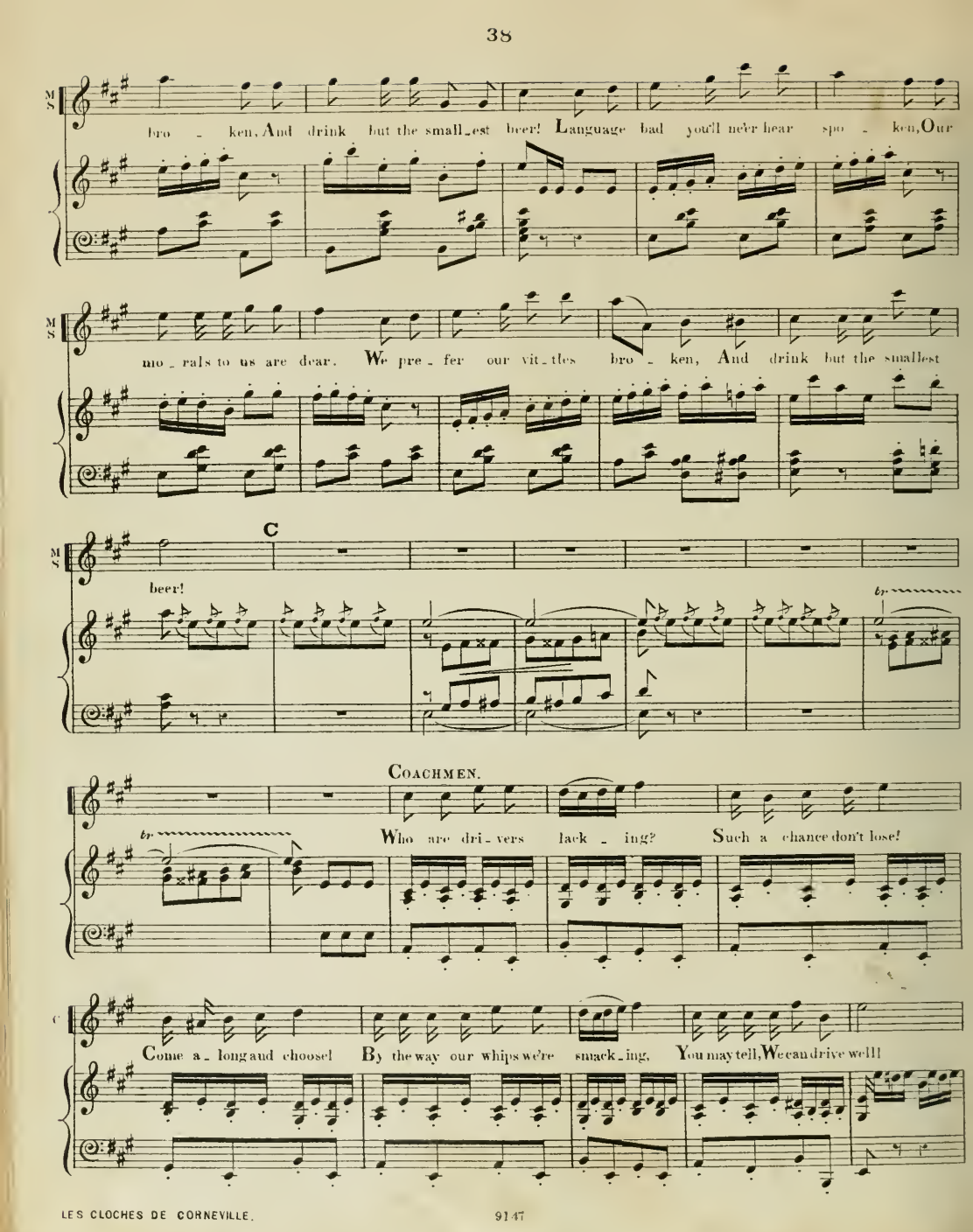
If good ser - vants you now would find you now would find We're useful, ay! and or_na_

ment - - al, Ex_act_ly, what you have in mind! yes! first class servants you will find,

ment - - al, Ex_act_ly, what you have in mind! yes! first class servants you will find,

ment - - al, Ex_act_ly, what you have in mind! yes! first class servants you will find,


B
you will find!
you will find!
you will find!
p
MENSERVANTS.
Than us you will not find bet - ter, If you groom or foot-man
need, We ne'er op-en mas-ter's let - ter For we don't one of us read! Lan-guage
ff
bad you'll ne'er hear spo - ken Our mo-rals to us are dear. We pre-fer our vit-tles
p


M S
bro - ken, And drink but the small-est beer! Language bad you'll ne'r hear spo - ken, Our
M S
mo - rals to us are dear. We pre - fer our vit - tles bro - ken, And drink but the smallest
C
M S
beer!
tr.
Coachmen.
tr.
Who are dri - vers lack - ing? Such a chance don't lose!
C
Come a - long and choose! By the way our whips we're smack - ing, You may tell, We can drive well!

We know all a_bout oats, hay, clipping, doc_tor_ing, and fir_ing. We're the

sort of men for hir_ing! We know all a_bout oats,

hay, clipping doc_tor_ing and fir_ing, We're the sort of men for hir_ing, Just hear how our whips we

D

crack!

(*Serpolette advances with Maidservants.*)

ff *p* *ff* *p*

SERPOLETTE.

Who are want_ing mai_dens a_ble, To keep house and wait at ta_ble?

p

S Such here you'll find.... Of dark and fair you see there's plen - - -

M S Such here you'll find!

S ty, And some are old and some not twen - - - - ty. So you may have your

mf

SERPOLETTE.

S mind! Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you

M S So you may have your mind!

f

S think we're not a - miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear? Ah

rit.

M S Just look at

p

S

A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us

M S

that, just look at this, Don't you think we're not a miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us

S

if you think us dear! Tho our

M S

if you think us dear!

S

cheek be fresh and glow-ing, You will find us ra-ther know-ing, Most girls are so.....

SERPOLETTE.

S

And tho' of course we all are stea - - - dy, To pick up

M S

Most girls are so!

S

more we are quite rea - - - dy, You will not find us slow!

M S

You will not find us

f *ff*

S

Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think we're not a miss? A glance give

M S

slow!

p

S

there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!.....

M S

Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you

rit. *p*

S

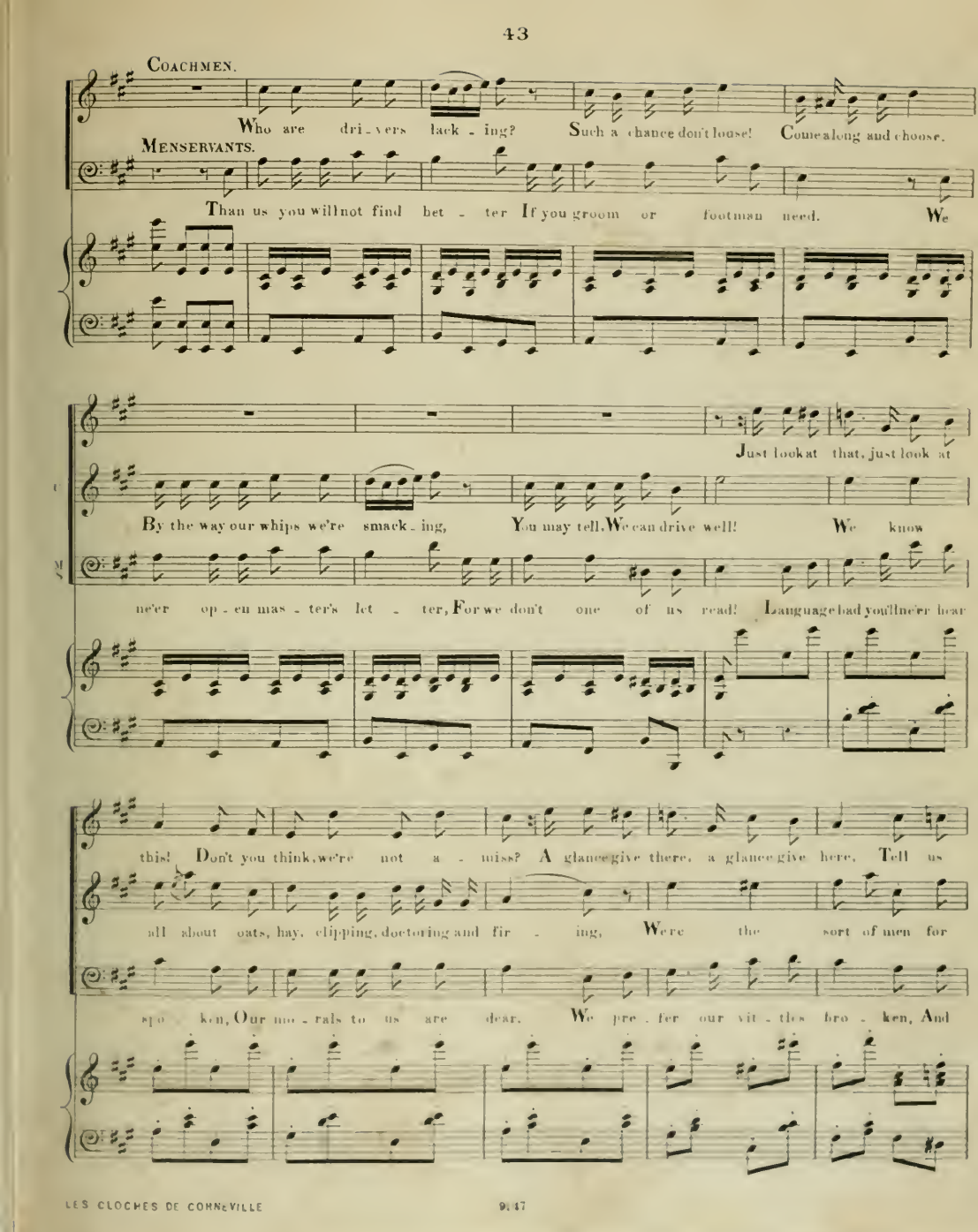
rit.

..... A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!

M S

think we're not a - miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear!

ff


COACHMEN.
Who are dri - vers lack - ing? Such a chance don't loose! Come along and choose.
MENSERVANTS.
Than us you will not find bet - ter If you groom or footman need. We
Just look at that, just look at
By the way our whips we're smack - ing, You may tell, We can drive well! We know
ne'er op - en mas - ter's let - ter, For we don't one of us read! Language bad you'll ne'er hear
this! Don't you think, we're not a - miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us
all about oats, hay, clipping, doctoring and fir - ing, We're the sort of men for
spo - ken, Our mo - rals to us are dear. We pre - fer our vit - ties bro - ken, And

if you think us dear? Just look at that, just look at this! Don't you think, we're not a -

hir - - - ing! We know all a_bout oats, hay, clipping, doctoring and

drink but the smallest beer! Language bad you'll ne'er hear spo - ken, Our mo - rals to us are

tr tr tr

rall.

miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear?

rall.

fir - ing We're the sort of men for hir - ing, Just hear how our whips we crack!

rall.

dear We pre - fer our vit - tles bro - ken, And drink but the smallest beer!

tr tr tr tr

rall.

p f

Silence.

Nº 10. bis.

BY HIS SIDE.

AIR.

GERMAINE.

Moderato ben sostenuto.

GERMAINE.

PIANO.

From pal_lid check you may be tell_ing, With fear, not courage now I thrill, My timid heart 'gainst me re_bell_ing, Is throbbing fast, do what I willl And tho' my coward heart fain would not, In vain to stay away I tried, In vain to stay a_way I

rit

tried! Let you come a - lone Let you come a - lone! Ah!..... I

could not! And..... I'm by your side, I'm by your side!

When I was homeless, tearful,

lone - ly, Home, friend, and all you were to me, In all the world I have you on - ly. Then where but

Ge

near you, should I be? And tho' my coward heart fain would not, In vain to stay away, I

Ge

tried — In vain to stay a - way I tried! Let you come a - lone,

Ge

Let you come a - lone! Ah!..... I could not, And..... I'm by your side, yes!

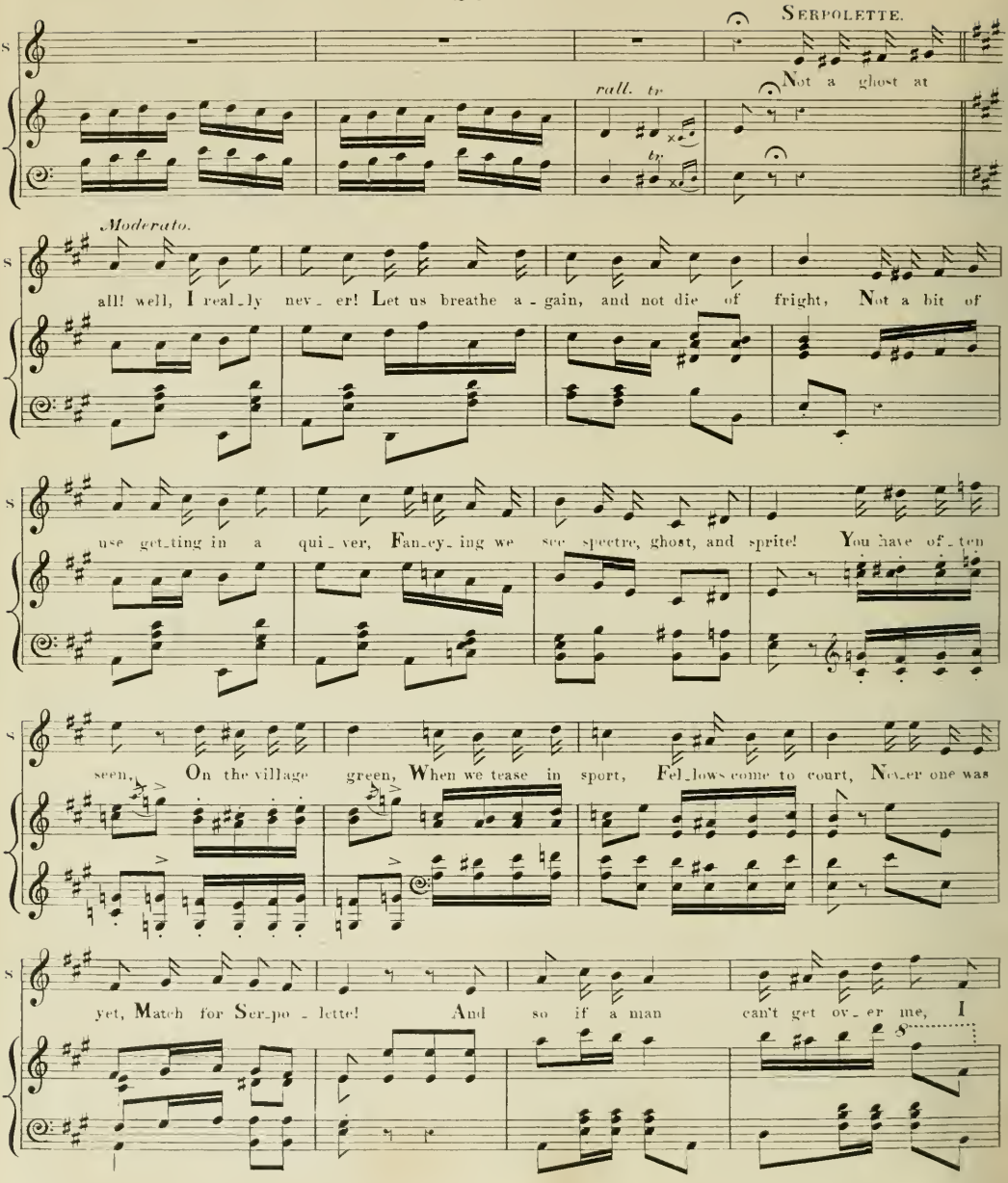
ad lib.

Ge

by your side!

NOT A GHOST AT ALL.

SONG.



S

do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov_er me, I

S

do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov_er me, I

G

And so if a man can't get ov_er her I

Le B

And so if a man can't get ov_er her I

S

do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov_er me, I

G

do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov_er her I

Le B

do not think a ghost will do more than he! And so if a man can't get ov_er her I

S

do not think a ghost can do more than he!

G

do not think a ghost can do more than he!

Le B

do not think a ghost can do more than he!

f

S

I have always heard if a ghost don't like you, All that it can do is to float in

p

S

air; For it can not kill you, or hit, or strike you, And if that is all, why I do not

S

care! Here the o_ther day Sol_diers on their way, Halt_ing for a glass, Kiss'd each village

S

lass! But they did'nt get, One from Ser_po_lette! And so if I can

S

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can

S

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can

G

And so if I can

Lr B

And so if I can

f

S

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can

G

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can

Le B

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they! And so if I can

S

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they!

G

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they!

Le B

keep a troop at bay, I do not think a ghost will do more than they!

f

Nº 11.

OH DEAR! OH DEAR!

BUFFO SONG.

Allegretto.

LE BAILLI.

PIANO.

Oh dear! oh dear! that ri_ot and that rab_ble,

Never was Bailie so beset before! I could not make my_self heard for their gabble,

And from my head its wig some villain tore! They laugh'd and jeer'd (ill-manner'd rout,) Up-

on my fly_ing periwig they bet, And when I chas'd it, oh! the shout, Loud in my ears 'tis

Le B

ringing yet. "Oh! this is fun, Just see him run!" (The lass_ies cried with rapture jig_ging,) "To-

Le B

mor_row he, Will married be, And then from his wife he will get a wigg - - ing!"

f

Le B

Then I pre_tend_ed

f

Le B

not to hear the chaffing, And as I chas'd my wig, look'd dignified; But,

Le B

worse and worse, my ve_ry clerks got laughing, Sure so severe_ly ne'er was Bai_lie tried!

Le B

The vil_lage fair I could not face, Of ri_di_cule I own I'm rather shy, And

so to save me from disgrace, Hi_ther for qui_et did I fly! "Oh!

this is fun! Just see him run!" (The lass_ies cried with rapture jig_ging.) "To_mor_row he, Will

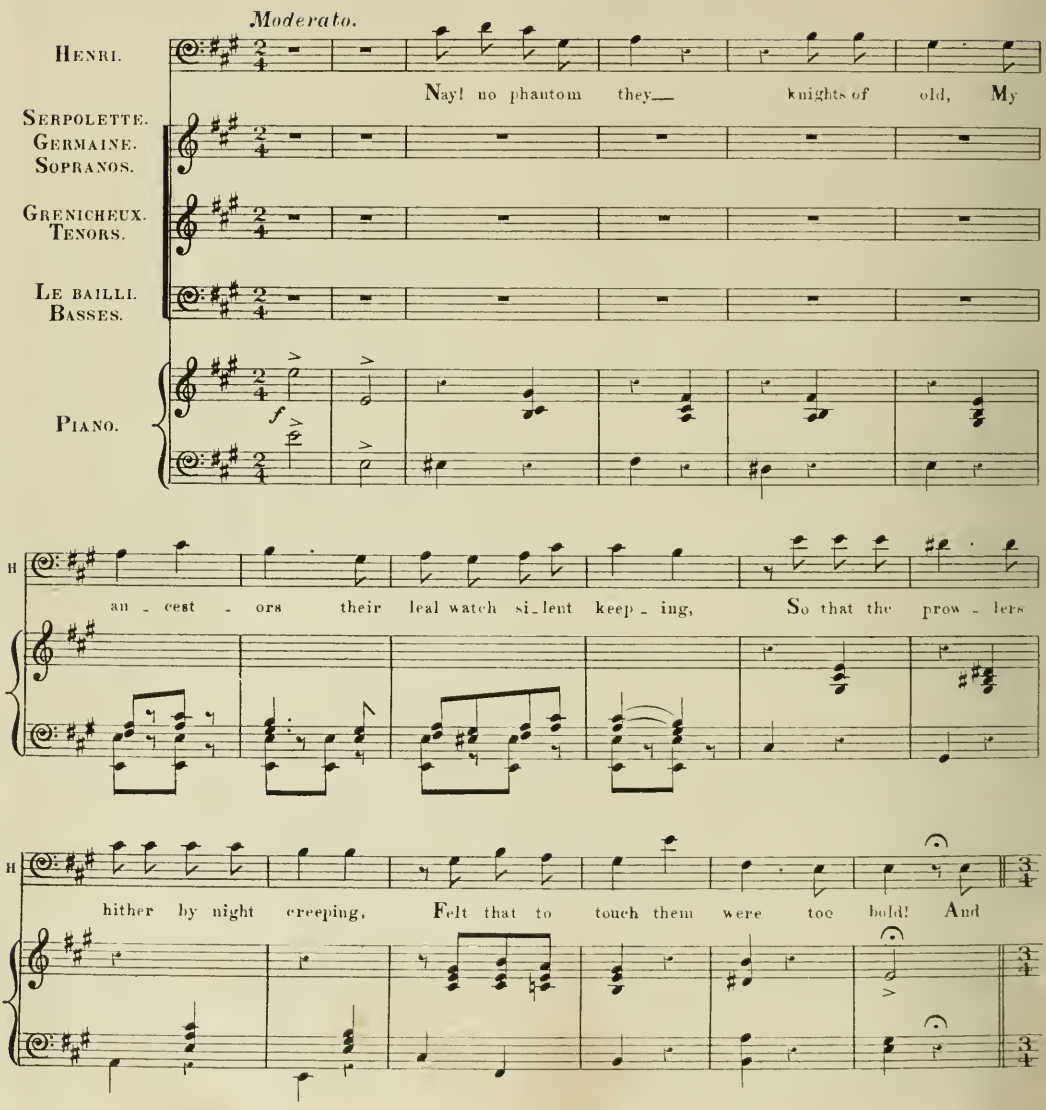
mar_ried be, And then from his wife he will get a wig_ing!"

SILENT HEROES.

Nº 12.

RECIT, AIR & CHORUS.

HENRI &c.



see! their good brands notch'd in bat - tle, Their ar - mour dinnd'd by many a

field, On each hau - berk and on each shield, Me - thinks I hear the i - ron

rat - tle! Fade - less lau - - rel will be your due, By

Hist' - rys muse your praise be spo - ken, For when in fight your mail was

bro - ken, For when in fight your mail was bro - ken, Foes found your heart was i - ron

rit.

Moderato.

II

too!..... Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still

SOPRANOS, SERP. GERM.

Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still

TENORS, GRENICHEUX.

Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still

BASSES, LE BAILLI.

Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past, Still

rit.

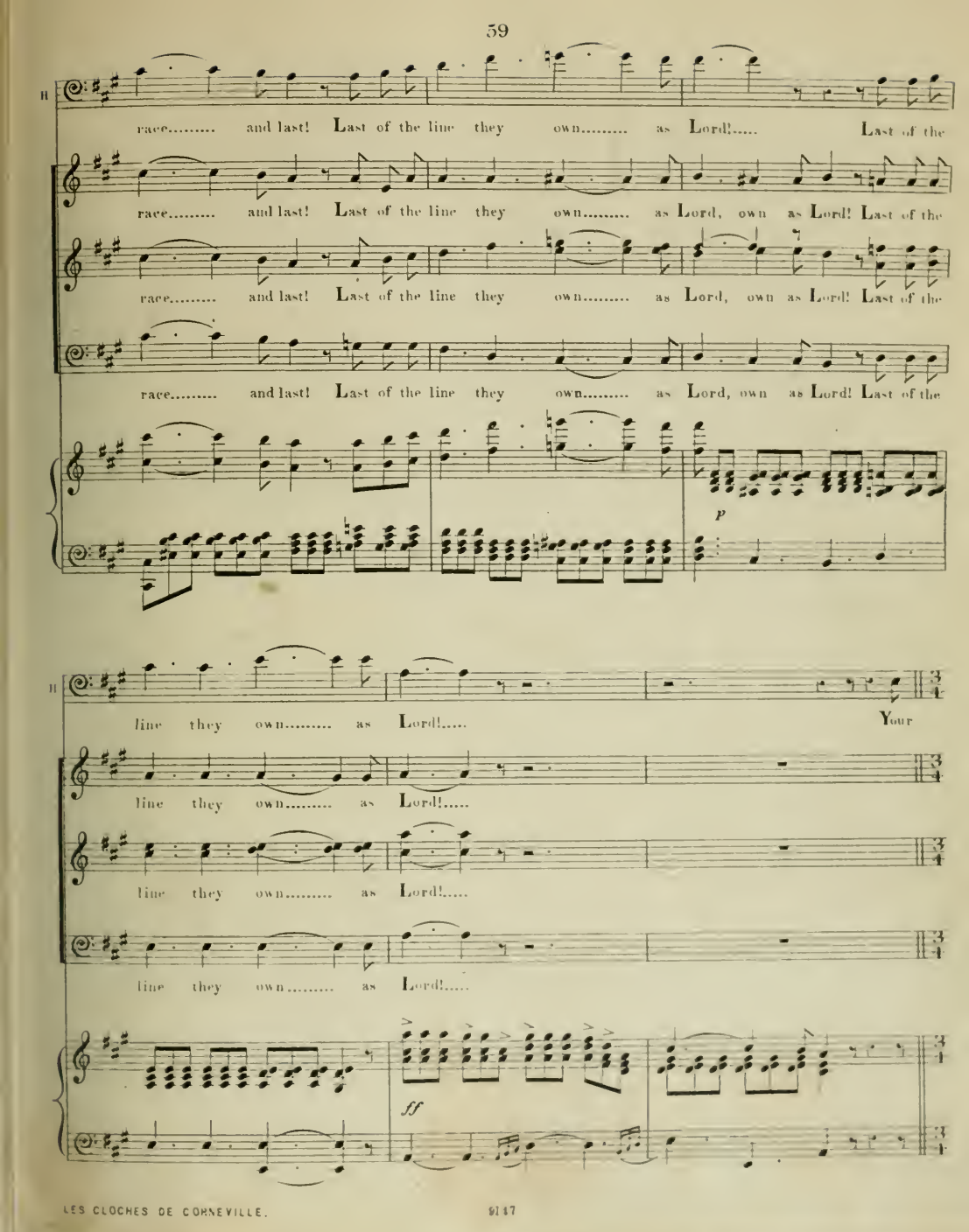
II

o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his

o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his

o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his

o - ver your line keeping watch and ward, Lo! here your child, sole of his


race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord!..... Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
p
line they own..... as Lord!..... Your
line they own..... as Lord!.....
line they own..... as Lord!.....
line they own..... as Lord!.....
ff

Risoluto.

H

good swords rust, your spears are shiverd 'Tis other times with us to-day, Than when Paynims in

H

dis - ar - ray, Be - fore your on - set bent and quiverd! Tho' we fight not for

H

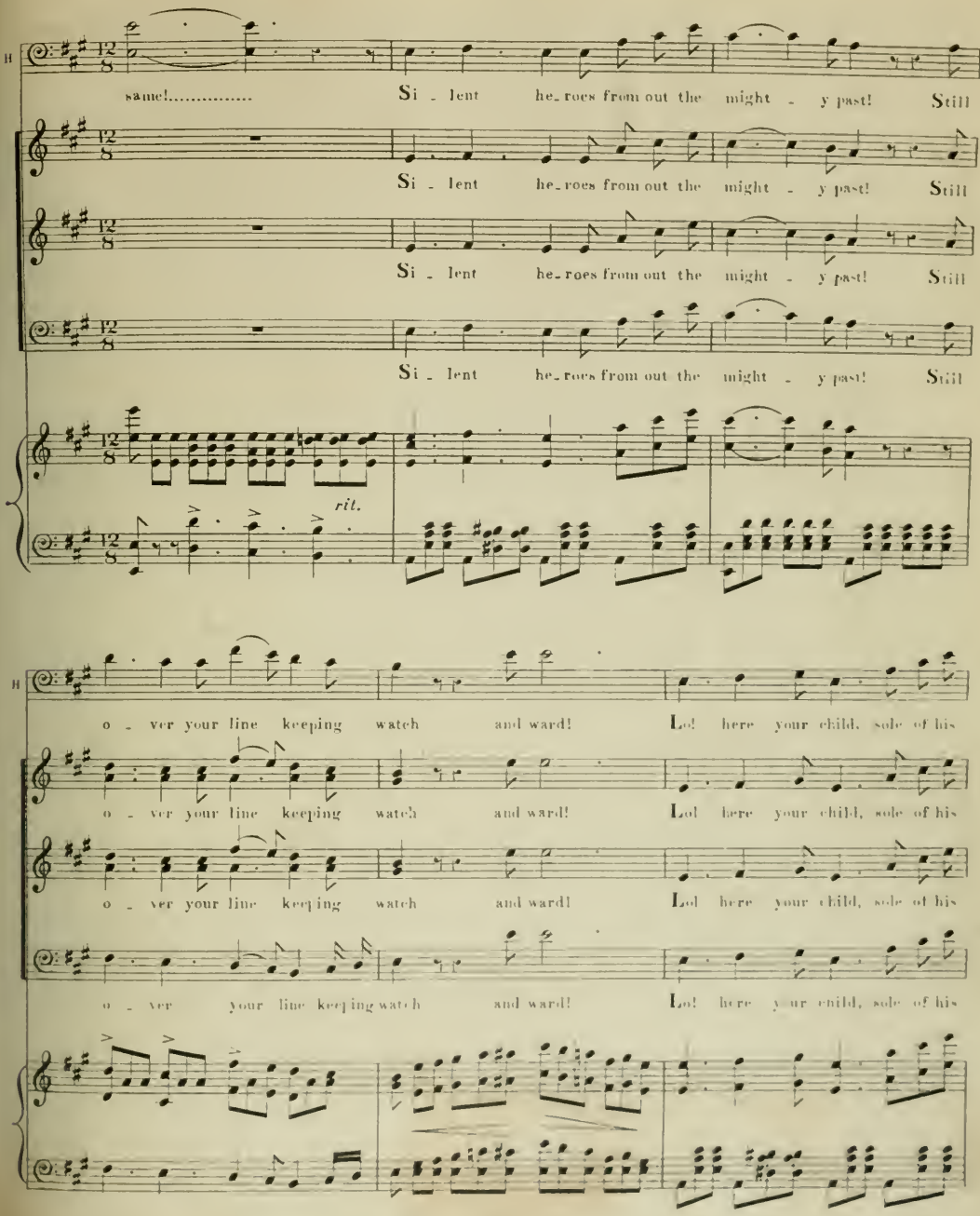
love of fame, And chi - valry be now de - part - ed, Oh! trust me, fathers, li - on -

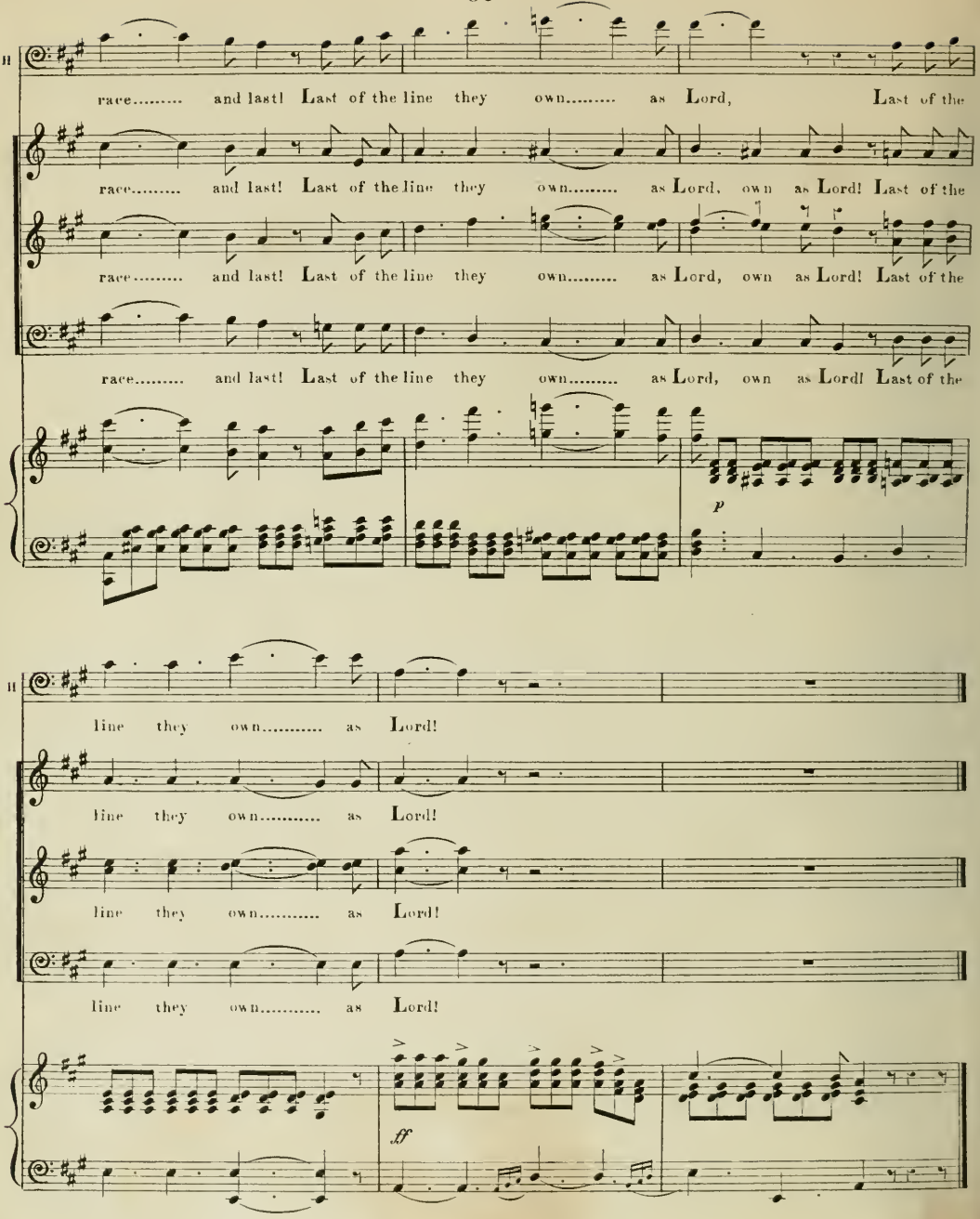
rit. ad lib.

H

heart - ed, Oh! trust me, father's li - on - heart - ed, Your spirit lives in us the

rit.


same!..... Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past! Still
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past! Still
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past! Still
Si - lent he - roes from out the might - y past! Still
rit.
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his
o - ver your line keeping watch and ward! Lo! here your child, sole of his


race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
race..... and last! Last of the line they own..... as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the
p
line they own..... as Lord!
line they own..... as Lord!
line they own..... as Lord!
line they own..... as Lord!
ff

Nº 14.

'TIS SHE! A HAPPY FATE.

DUO.

GERMAINE & HENRI.

Allegretto.

GERMAINE.

HENRI.

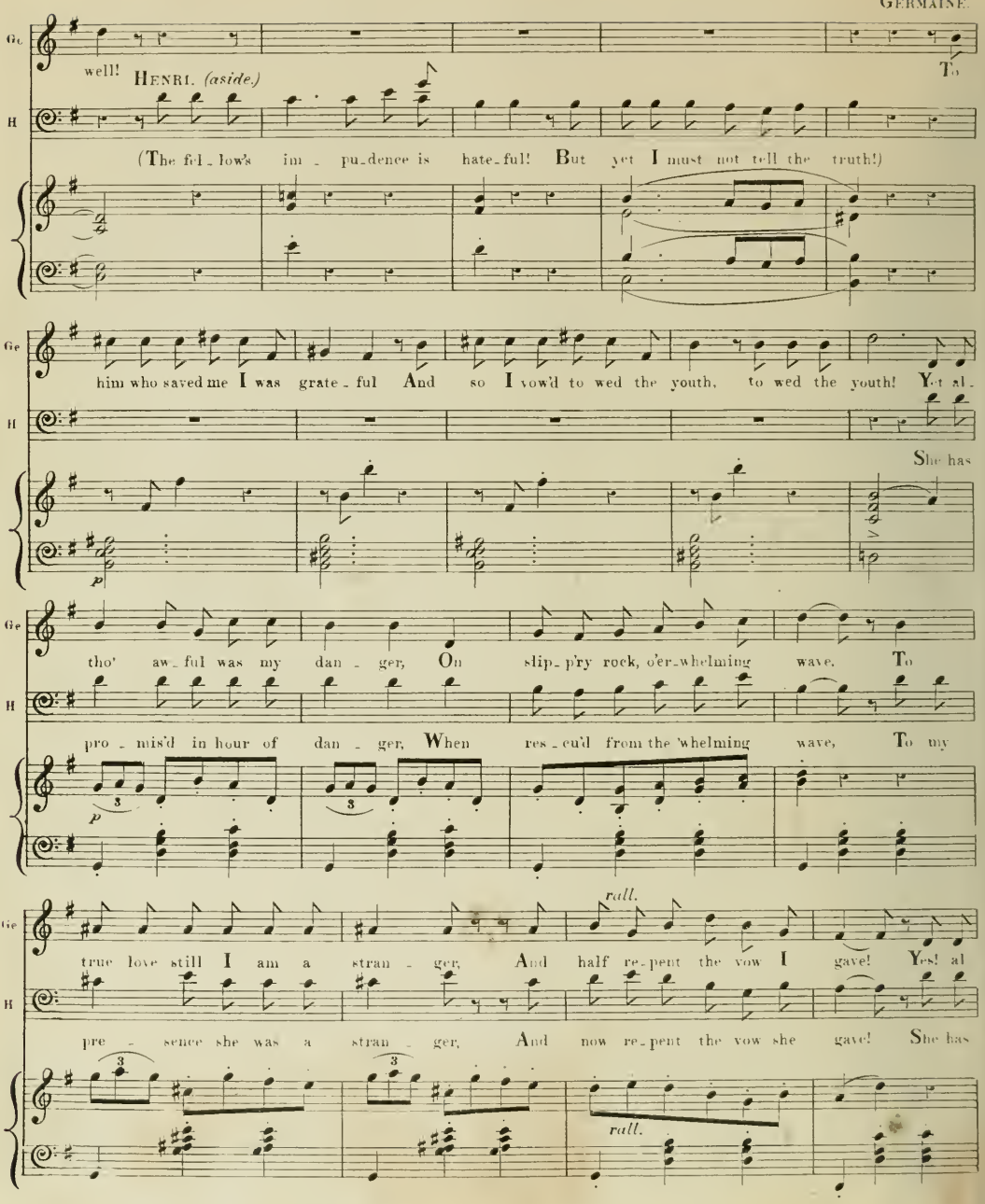
PIANO.

'Tis she! a happy fate..... hath brought her, To me, who all in vain had sought her!

GERMAINE

Then he who saved my life, (if I must tell,)..... Told me that he lov'd lov'd me well! Yes! he saved my life and lov'd me

rit.


GERMAINE.
Ge
well!
To
HENRI. (aside.)
H
(The fel_low's im_pu_dence is hate_ful! But yet I must not tell the truth!)
Ge
him who saved me I was grate_ful And so I vow'd to wed the youth, to wed the youth! Yet al_
H
She has
p
Ge
tho' aw_ful was my dan_ger, On slip_p'ry rock, o'er_whelming wave, To
H
pro_mis'd in hour of dan_ger, When res_cu'd from the whelming wave, To my
p
3
3
Ge
true love still I am a stran_ger, And half re_pent the vow I gave! Yes! al
rall.
H
pre_sence she was a stran_ger, And now re_pent the vow she gave! She has
3
3
rall.

Ge

tho' aw_ful was my dan_ger On slip_p'ry rock, o'er whelming wave, Yes! ai_tho' aw_ful was my

H

pro_mis'd in hour of dan_ger, When res_cu'd from the whelming wave!

Ge

dan_ger, To true love still I am a stran_ger, And

H

She has pro_mis'd in hour of dan_ger, To my pre_sence there she was a stran_ger, And

Ge

half re_pent the vow I gave! I should have an_swer'd to his pas_sion, Ex_

H

now re_pents the vow she gave!

Ge

act_ly in the Nor_man fa_shion. HENRI.

H

Now aid_er, pri_thee, tell to me, What may a Nor_man an_swer

H

be?

f

f

GERMAINE.

Ge

When he bar-gains at a fair, The Nor-man puts his chin in the air, Does-'nt say "off," does'nt say "done,"

p

Ge

But 'tis thus bargains are be-gun, "Well we shall see how things may go!" That is-'nt "yes" nor

Ge

is it "no!" And a girl of our coun-try-side, When she's mov'd should but answer so, When he

Ge

asks "wilt thou be my bride?" Let her re-ply nor "yes," nor "no!" It

Ge

is the Nor_man cus_tom good, And well ap_prov'd the sag_es say, Girls ne_ver should be un_der_stood Or

Ge

tell their lo_vers yea or nay! Girls should nev_er say "yea or nay!"

ff

Ge

I must sure have lost my head, Or

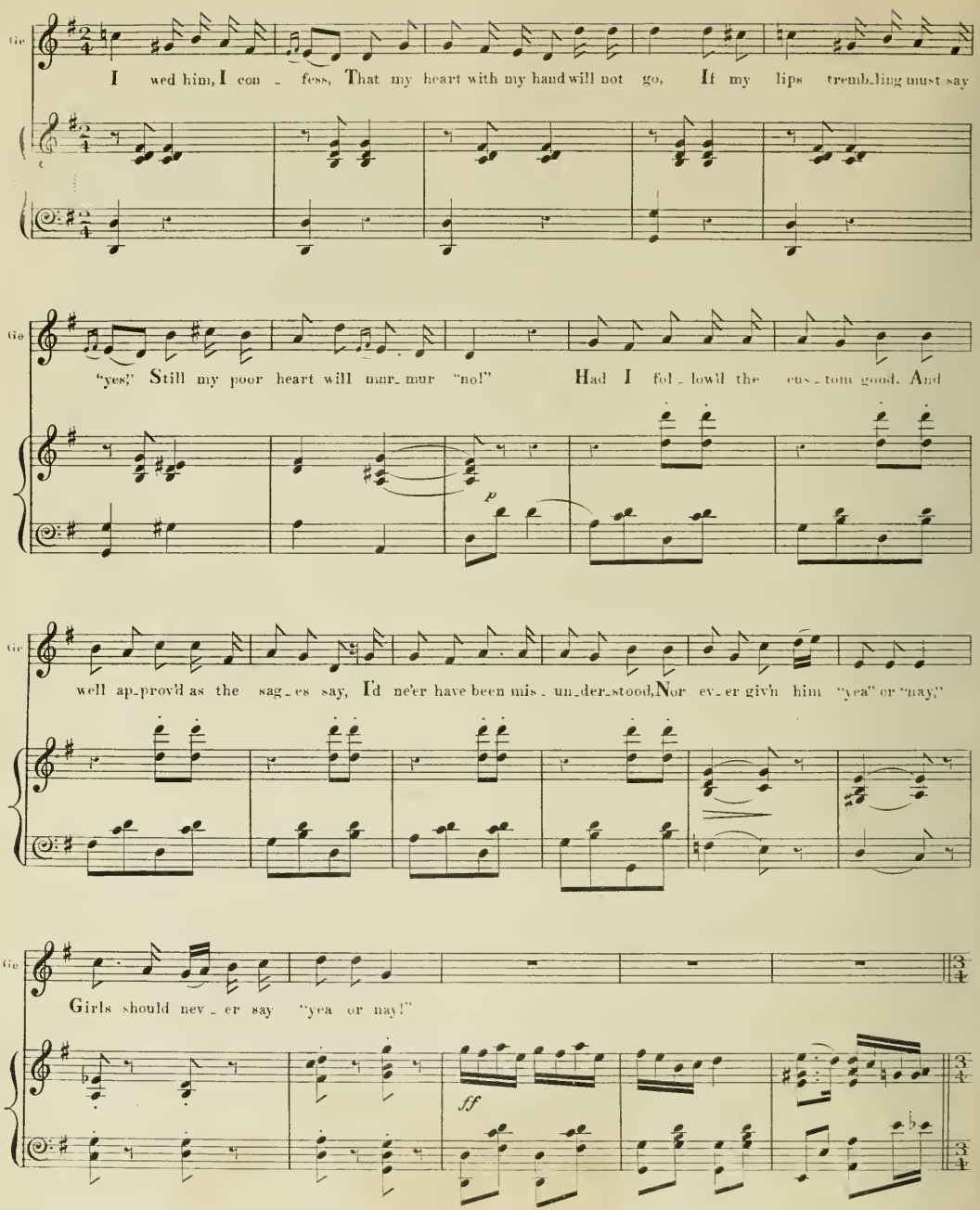
pp

Ge

else to Gren_i_cheux I'd have said, Not as I did; my life is thine! But wordless

Ge

ca_sy to di_vine; "Well! we shall see how things may go!" That is_'nt yes, nor is it no! And if


I wed him, I con - fess, That my heart with my hand will not go, If my lips tremb-ling must say
"yes," Still my poor heart will mur-mur "no!" Had I fol-low'd the cus-tom good, And
p
well ap-prov'd as the sag-es say, I'd ne'er have been mis-un-der-stood, Nor ev-er giv'n him "yea" or "nay,"
Girls should nev-er say "yea or nay!"
ff

HENRI

Oh lucky chance! oh meeting fate - ful, And by and by her heart will know, That it can be sincerely

GERMAINE.

Yes! al - tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, On

grate - ful. And at the same time with love glow!..... When

slip - p'ry rock, o'er - whelming wave, To true love still I am a stran - ger, And

res - cu'd from the whelming wave, To my pre - sence she was a stran - ger, And

rall. tempo.

half re - pent the vow I gave! Yes! al - tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger. On slip - p'ry rock, o'er - whelming

now re - pents the vow she gave! She has pro - mis'd in hour of dan - ger, When res - cu'd from the whelming

rall tempo.

Ge

wave, Yes! al - tho' aw - ful was my dan - ger, To

H

wave, She has pro - mis'd in hour of dan - ger, To my

rit.

true love still I am a stran - ger, And half re - pent the vow I gave! To true love still I am a

pre - sence ther she was a stran - ger, And now re - pents the vow she gave! To my pre - sence there she was a

rit.

rall.

stran - ger, And half re - pent the vow I gave, I half re - pent the vow I gave!

stran - ger, And now re - pents the vow she gave, She now re - pents the vow she gave!

rall.

ff

p

THE CIDER SONG.

SONG & CHORUS.

Nº 19.

SERPOLETTE & CHORUS.

Moderato quasi Allegretto.

SERPOLETTE.

Normandy

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Moderato quasi Allegretto.

PIANO.

p

S

pip - pin's good all o - ver, Where is the girl wont have a slice? 'Twas Mother Eve did first dis -

S

cov - er, How good it was in Pa - ra - dise! Grapes they say hung round her in plen - ty, O - ther

S

fruits a hundred and twen - ty! But she I've heard an ap-ple pre - fer'd! A jui - cy one Eve

S

ate the first, Or else tra-di-tion's be - lied her, And as it slaked the la - dy's thirst, She

Allegretto.

S

said "what a good thing is cider!" Live good ci - der drink divine, 'Tis bet-ter far than

br. *p*

S

all your wine, Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief and joy,..... grief and

S joy Live good ci - der drink di - vine, Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!

SOPRANO. Live good ci - der drink di - vine, Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!

TENOR. Live good ci - der drink di - vine, Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!

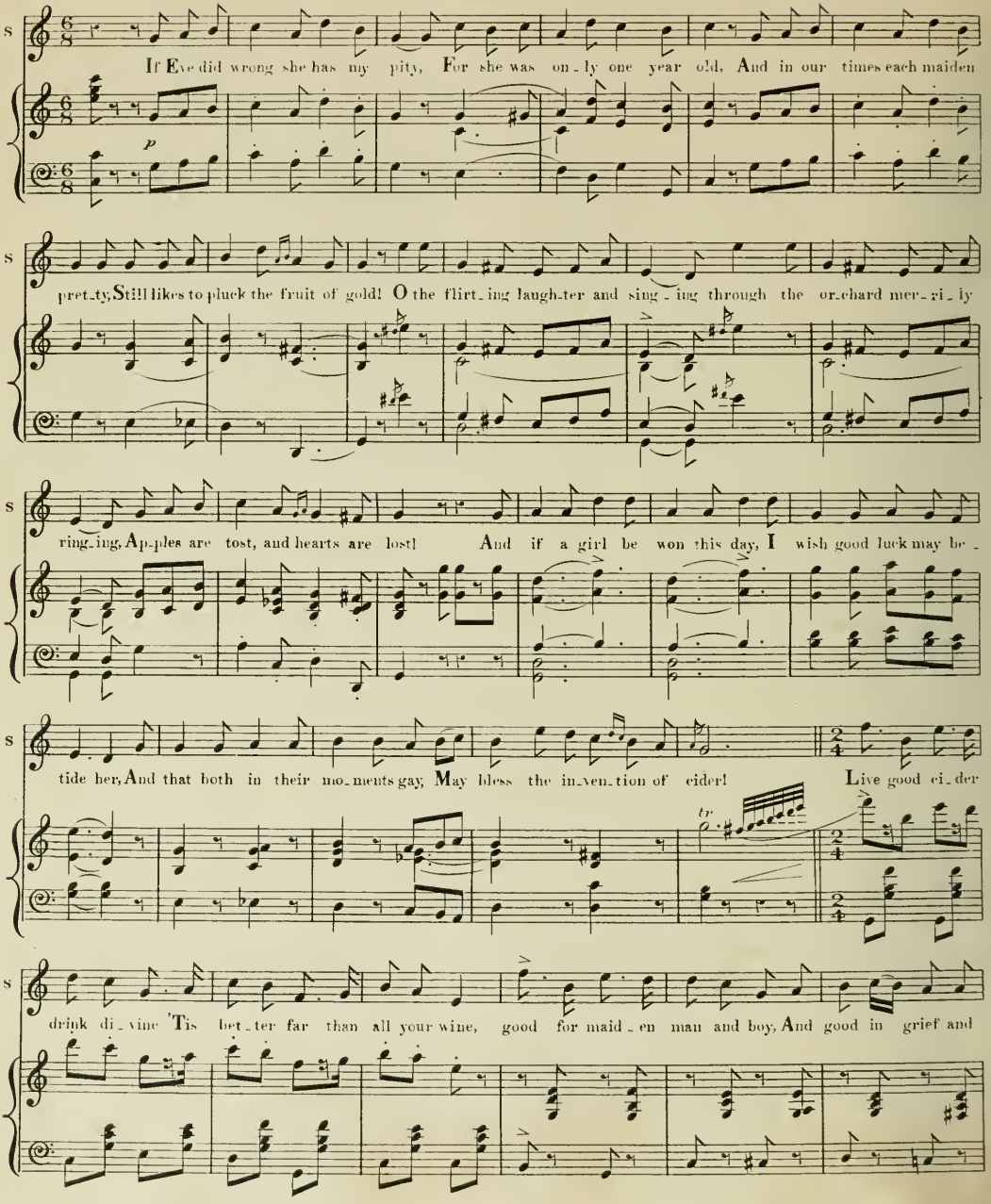
BASSE. Live good ci - der drink di - vine, Tis bet - ter far than all your wine!

S Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

S Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

T Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

B Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!


S
If Eve did wrong she has my pity, For she was on_ly one year old, And in our times each maiden
p
S
pret_ty, Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold! O the flirt_ing laugh_ter and sing_ing through the or_chard mer_ri_ly
S
ring_ing, Ap_ples are tost, and hearts are lost! And if a girl be won this day, I wish good luck may be_
S
tide her, And that both in their mo_ments gay, May bless the in_ven_tion of cider! Live good ci_der
tr
S
drink di_vine 'Tis bet_ter far than all your wine, good for maid_en man and boy, And good in grief and

joy..... grief and joy. Live good ci - der drink di-vine, 'Tis bet-ter far than

Live good ci - der drink di-vine, 'Tis bet-ter far than

Live good ci - der drink di-vine, 'Tis bet-ter far than

Live good ci - der drink di-vine, 'Tis bet-ter far than

all your wine, Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

all your wine, Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

all your wine, Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

all your wine, Good for maid - en man and boy, And good in grief as well as joy!

Nº 20.

THAT NIGHT I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

SONG.

Tempo di Valse.

GRENICHEUX.

PIANO.

f

That night I'll ne'er for - get..... In the late..... sun - ray glow - -

p

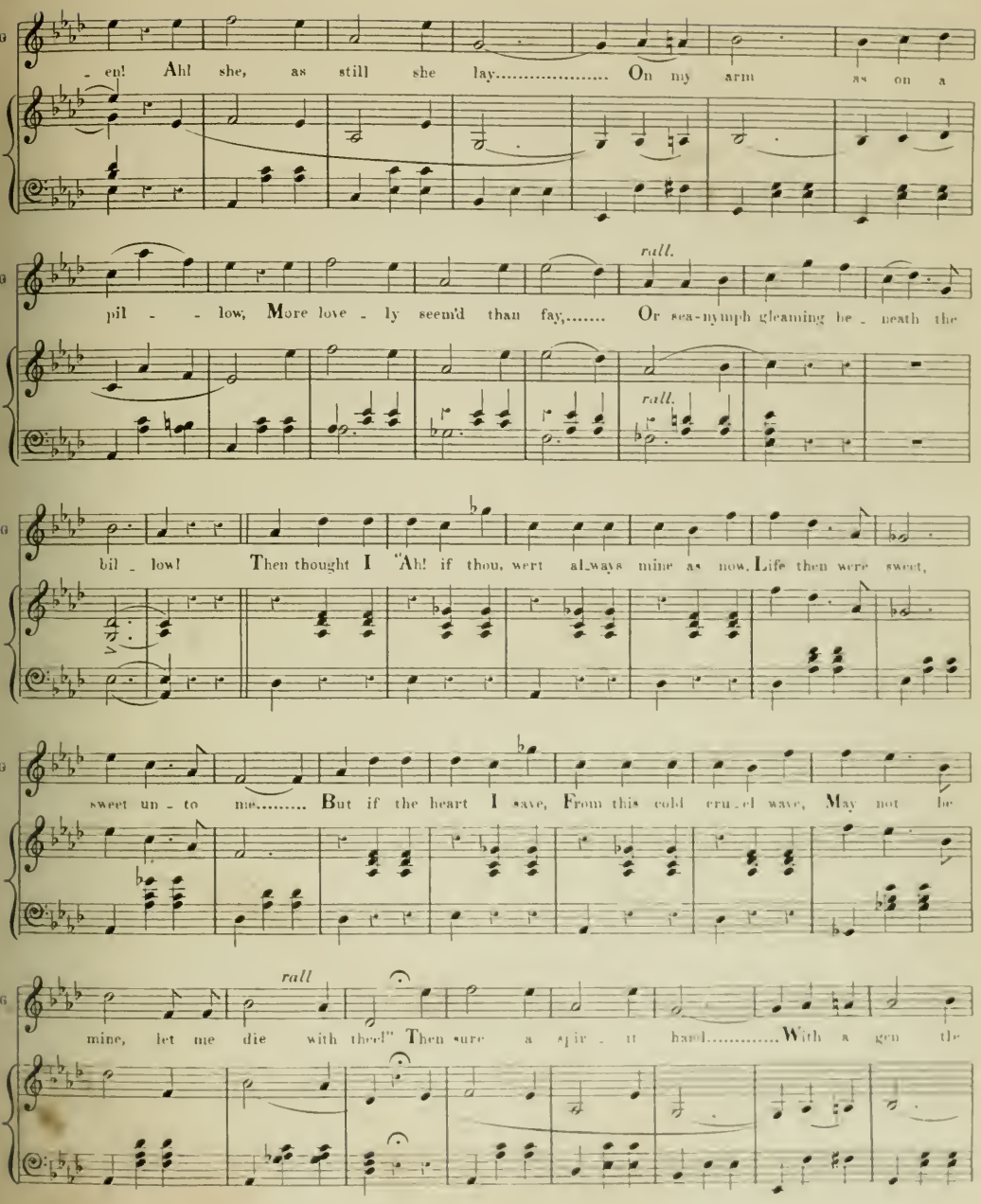
ing, In fan - cy hear I yet..... The long bil - low..... ebb - ing, flow - -

ing! Whom should I see sink - ing un - der the tide, But a fair and in - no - cent maid -

p *f* *dim*

en, 'Twas but a mo - ment, I was by her side; And for shore I made, beauty - lad -

p *f*


en! Ah! she, as still she lay..... On my arm as on a
pil - - low, More love - ly seem'd than fay,..... Or sea-nymph gleaming be - neath the
rall.
bil - low! Then thought I "Ah! if thou, wert al-ways mine as now, Life then were sweet,
sweet un - to me..... But if the heart I save, From this cold cru-el wave, May not be
rall
mine, let me die with thee!" Then sure a spir - it hard.....With a gen tle

G

touch and tend - er, Brought safe un - to the strand,..... That fair maid - en.....

G

ad lib.

.....young and slen - der! Life came back as she sigh - ed..... Her wak - ing

OBOE.

G

tempo

glance met mine..... And grate - ful then she cried..... "I

tempo

G

and my life are thine..... De - li - ver - er from the sea, For thy courage I'll

G

love but thee!"

f

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

THERE'S MAGIC MUSIC.

LOVE THE MINSTREL.

SONG & CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse

PIANO.

mf

There's ma - gic mu - sic in my bo - som beat - ing, But

meno mosso.

pp sempre

whence the mu - sic comes I can - not tell, Yet sweet the word - less song it

a piacere.

keeps re - peat - ing, Un - til I seem to know its mean - ing well! No

col canto - - - - - -

soft - er lul - la - by will hush the flow - ers, By ze - phyr blown at close of day, No

dolce.

gent - ler strain e'er woke the sleeping bow - ers, When love - birds warble on..... the spray! Ah.....

Ped *

Valse.

Love, the min - strel thou!..... I know the sing - er now,..... And

p

love is yet love's song..... Love me dear - ly, love me long!..... Ah yes,

ad lib. con Chorus. *Solo.* *ad lib.*

Love, the min - strel thou; I know the sing - er

mf SOPRANI. *uniss.*

Love, the min - strel thou..... I know the sing - er

mf

now And love is yet love's song,..... Love me dear - ly

now..... And love is yet love's song,..... Love

cres. *ff*

love.... me long. 2nd Verse. I

me long.

fear not now the lea - den hand of sor - row, 'Twill pass as light - ly as a

sum - mer's night; For love's di - vi - ner song brings on the mor - row, As

a piacere.

sure - ly as the dawn leads on the light. The ten - der song that hope is

col canto. *dolce.*

ev - er sing - ing, The ru - dest wind can nev - er still, And

sure the com_fort that strain aye is bring_ing, With..... joy the heart to cheer..... and

Ped *

Valse.

thrill. For..... Love, the min_strel thou!..... I

p

know the sing_er now..... And love is yet love's

song..... Love me dear_ly, love..... me long!..... Ah! yes

ad lib. *ad lib.*

Love, the min - strel thou; I know the sing - er

Love, the min - strel thou..... I know the sing - er

mf

now, And love is yet love's song..... Love me dear - ly

now..... And love is yet love's song..... Love

cres. *ff*

love..... me long.

me long.

M
1508
C56

Music

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